

The LITTLE BUGLER

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THE LITTLE BUGLER.

Royce

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TO THE
SOUTHERN PEOPLE,
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THEIR KIND HOSPITALITY,
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

BOSTON, April, 1880.



THE LITTLE BUGLER.

CHAPTER I.

I was about fifteen years old when the war broke out, in the spring of 1861. My only brother had been educated at West Point, and was given a commission in a volunteer regiment. His leaving home for the three months' service was the first event that made the war seem real to me. That was a pretty gloomy time in our little family. Mother and sister were very sad ; still, they did not urge my brother to remain at home, for they knew that he had been educated for the army, and the nation was in great need of trained soldiers. Of course, it grieved us all to think of the many perils to which he would be exposed ; but at the same time I could see that our mother felt proud of her soldier-boy, when he bade us a cheerful good-bye and was off to the war.

In the meantime the drums were sounding the

rub-a-dub-dub all over the land, and soldiers were to be seen marching through the streets at all hours. The people were greatly excited, and one could hear little else talked about save the war. I saw that every one was ready to do honor to the volunteer, and the young man who remained at home must have felt that he was held a little below par by the young ladies, as lacking the personal courage to face the dangers of war. And some young men went into the army, I fear, more to show that they were not afraid, and to gain the admiration of the ladies, than to serve their country. Men know that women everywhere admire a brave man and detest a coward; and a brave man will do any honorable thing to gain the praise of the lady he loves. It was pretty hard for me to give much attention to my books during these stirring times, and I would sometimes follow the soldiers as they marched through the streets to the sound of the drum, and leave my lessons to take care of themselves. This neglecting my lessons was very wrong, of course, and displeased my teacher very much. It also grieved my mother; for I had once or twice stayed away from home all night in camp, without letting

my mother know where I was. This was very bad conduct for one of my age ; but the attractions of the camp made me forget for the time, the duty and love which I owed to my mother. Of course, I had seen nothing of the dangers and hardships of a soldier's life, but only the merry-making in the camp, and so I imagined that it was a very fine thing to be a soldier. And as I heard the sound of the bugle, the roll of the drums, and the lively martial music of the bands, and witnessed the grand display that the soldiers made when on parade or marching through the streets, — as all these exciting things poured in upon my boyish fancy, a passion for the uniform and gay life of a soldier took complete possession of me, and I could think of nothing else, day or night. But my youth made it impossible for me to become a regular soldier. No one could be enlisted who was not eighteen years old, and I was not quite fifteen. How to overcome this difficulty was the absorbing question. At last, without solving the problem, and with no definite plans in view, I told my mother of the passion that was burning within me, and of my great desire to serve my country in some way or other. She

was inclined to take the matter simply as a very good joke, coming as it did from so small a specimen of the masculine gender. She kissed me and fondled me, and laughed at me, and tried to show me the absurdity and utter impossibility of one of my young and tender growth attempting, much less enduring, the hardships, the privations, and the severe discipline of a soldier's life. But I did not feel so tender as my mother represented me to be; in fact, I felt that I possessed many manly qualities, of which I was justly — of course not unduly — proud, and was not to be deterred from my patriotic purposes by what I considered the natural weakness of woman. The first term of enlistment had expired, and my brother was at home, aiding in recruiting and reorganizing his regiment for the three years' service. So I determined, — nothing daunted by the discouraging words of my mother, to acquaint him with my martial designs. To my great surprise, he did not consider it a very serious matter, but laughingly said, "Very well, my young hero; come with me to the camp for a few weeks, and I will give you all you want of a soldier's life, and within a fortnight you will be glad to return to

your home, where you may have doughnuts, puddings, and other nice things to eat, and a soft bed to sleep in; for you will soon learn that all of these things must be given up when one becomes a soldier." Now, I was rather fond of nice things to eat, and a good bed to sleep on; still, the exciting life of the camp had fired my fancy too hot to be cooled off so easily, and so I made a very bold answer, to the effect that I knew very well soldiers could not indulge in luxuries of that kind, and that I was quite willing to give all of these things up for the good of my country. Notwithstanding this brave speech, my brother felt perfectly certain that a fortnight in the camp, upon the hard fare of a soldier, would completely cool my patriotic ardor, and I would be glad to return to my comfortable home, where I could have a mother to care for me. So it was agreed that I should live at the camp with my brother until the regiment was ordered to the seat of war, which would not be for thirty days at least, as it would require that time to drill and discipline the regiment, preparatory to active service in the field. And so I went for a soldier, in the camp at home, where the enemy was not very threatening,

and where battles were not very frequent occurrences. But at the end of three weeks, in spite of the hard crackers and bacon which I had to eat, and the very uncomfortable bed upon which I had to sleep, the patriotic fire was still burning in my bosom, and I insisted that the country was in need of my continued service. This surprised and annoyed my brother, and greatly grieved my mother ; for they both felt that I would become restless if I were put to school again, and they feared that in my brother's absence I might follow the soldiers off, and fall into idle and vicious habits. Finally it was decided that as my brother was an officer, he could take me with him, and thus have a watch over me until I should become disgusted with the army life and return to my home. It was also arranged that my brother was to hear my lessons whenever it was possible, and I agreed to study my books two or three hours each day, which I did pretty faithfully, and at the end of the war I was almost as well fitted to enter college as most of the boys who had spent three years in preparatory schools. But it was necessary that I should do something to make myself believe that I was a real, and not a make-

believe, soldier-boy. So my brother put a bugle into my hand, and said, "When you learn to blow that, I will have you a uniform made and get you a horse to ride." (He belonged to the cavalry.) Now, this learning to blow the bugle was what the soldiers would call a poser, for I had never attempted anything of the kind, and had no reason to think that my talents ran in that particular direction. But, with the vision of a gay uniform and a fine prancing horse before me, I applied myself diligently, and after struggling very hard for some time, and wasting much wind, I at last was able to blow some of the more simple camp-calls, and got my uniform, ornamented with golden tape and many brass buttons. And now, with bugle swung round my shoulders, with sword at my side, and mounted upon a gaily caparisoned charger, was getting as much glory out of life as a youth of my age could imbibe without danger of an explosion. I am quite sure, when I think of it, that I thoroughly appreciated my own appearance; and I was a great hero already among the boys and girls of my acquaintance, although I did not carry the scars of war nor the marks of severe conflict.

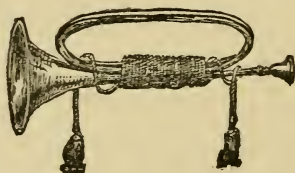
One little girl in particular, I remember (Jennie Fisk), looked upon me with a sad kind of admiration, mingled with somewhat of childish awe at my very warlike appearance ; but while she was charmed she was pained, for she felt that I could never be her little lover and playmate any more. Well, I had about a week at home after I got my uniform and horse, before our regiment was ordered to the front for active duty. During my stay at home there was a party given in my honor almost every night by some of my little school-friends. I always wore my uniform, and was, I think I can truly say, a very lion among the little girls.

But the boys were not at all jealous of me on account of this marked attention I was receiving, for they seemed to think that I was a superior kind of boy, and was justly entitled to the unbounded admiration of all ; and no one thought of becoming my rival. Now, I was as much pleased with this generous good-will of my boy friends as I was with the more flattering admiration of the girls. In this connection I would like to say a simple word to my young friends. The very best recommendation a boy or girl, man or woman, can have is the hearty



good-will of all those of their own sex and condition. A modest, kind, and truthful girl, let her be never so plain or beautiful, never so rich or poor, will always be loved by other girls ; but a proud, selfish, or tale-bearing girl will be hated at all times and under all circumstances. A truthful, frank, and generous boy will at all times be a hero among other boys ; but a mean, boasting, or cowardly fellow will always be despised. But to resume our story. The day came at last when I had to take leave of all these happy circumstances and joyful associations, and go with my regiment to face the dark cloud of war that was hovering over our nation. And now I am quite willing to confess that my heart grew faint when I bade my little school-friends good-bye, for they all shed tears at parting ; but when I came to take the last loving kiss of my dear mother and sister, whom I was now to leave for the first time in my life, — and it might be forever, — I completely broke down, and cried like the little boy that I was. But in spite of these sorrowful good-byes, which all the soldiers had to bid their friends and loved ones, our regiment marched gaily through the streets, with bands playing, flags flying, and horses prancing ; the

men and women, boys and girls, cheered us from the windows and house-tops as we rode by, and we all waved back a soldier's salute to their shouts of good cheer, and marched on through the streets till we came to the depot where we were to take the cars. Our horses were put on a train by themselves, and we took another one, and away we rolled out of the city, through the fields and woods, on to the land of Dixie.



CHAPTER II.

We had a very pleasant and exciting journey, by the steam-car and steamboat, and in almost every village and city through which we passed we were met by the men and women, boys and girls, with roast chicken, roast beef, hot coffee, and all kinds of good things to eat ; and they cheered us, and told us that they were sure we would return with songs of victory. This was most encouraging, and it did much toward enlivening our spirits, which had been naturally depressed with the thoughts of home and the loved ones behind. After travelling for three days and nights, we reached our immediate destination, and pitched our tents in a beautiful green meadow upon the banks of the Ohio River, in the State of Kentucky.

It was in the month of October ; the weather was fine, and the fields and forests were just changing their summer attire for their mellow-tinted autumnal dress. I was charmed with the scenery. There rolled the placid waters of “*La Belle Rivière*,”

as the French named the Ohio. The banks were dotted with the white tents of the army. Reaching to the distance of two or three miles were fertile fields, rolling pasture-lands, and richly laden orchards. Stretching still further away, the land was lifted into broad plateaus, which gradually grew into rugged hills that faded away in the distant clouds. This was purely an agricultural district, and the people had been accustomed to nothing more exciting than the quiet pursuit of the husbandman. But this quiet was now broken, and instead of the lowing of the cattle, the bleating of the sheep, and the merry song of the farmer-boy as he drove his team afield, were heard the neighing of the war-horse, the stern command of the officer, the roll of the drums, and the shrill notes of the bugle, as they sounded out upon the morning air, calling the soldiers to duty. My duties, however, were not very exacting, and I was at liberty to mount and ride at will through the valleys and over the hills, to the distance of three or four miles, for our outposts were stationed six miles away from the camp. So almost every afternoon I was in the saddle, riding through the country, sometimes with my

brother, sometimes with the soldiers, but generally alone, as I did not wish, when on these excursions, to be subject to the will of another, and it was not considered dangerous, as the enemy was twenty-five miles away, and I never rode beyond our lines. The country people soon came to know me, as I often stopped at their houses to bate my horse and get something for myself to eat, for which I of course always offered to pay them, but they invariably refused to accept anything ; and I then for the first time experienced something of the hospitality for which the Southern people are so justly celebrated. But these people were puzzled to know how a little boy like me could be of any service to the army. This I tried to make plain, and while they did not seem to fully understand nor rightly appreciate my position, still they were much interested in everything I said. I talked to them about the army, but I was not long in telling all I knew. I could discourse more at length, however, about the city, the streets, and the handsome houses, the elegant churches, and other fine, large buildings. They were also interested in hearing about city life and society, and so I told them about school, and parties,

and theatres, etc. I soon felt that I was a welcome visitor in the homes of these people, and it pained me to think that they were our enemies, and wished and prayed for the defeat of our army. But while they had only hatred for our army, I was quite sure they bore me no ill-will, and could not be tempted to do me any harm. So I felt perfectly safe, and came and went among these kind-hearted people with as little fear as I would have felt in New England. One fine November morning (November weather in Kentucky is about the same as October weather in New England) I mounted my horse, without as much as looking into a book, intending to make a day of it among the farmers. After galloping about two miles, I drew rein at the residence of Mr. Phillips, a farmer, with whose family I had become quite familiarly acquainted. He had three children, — one girl and two boys. Emma, the oldest, was about fifteen, Walter was thirteen, and Willie was ten. I found the family all astir, with the horses harnessed and hitched to the carriage, and the boys prepared for a journey; there was also an old colored man, who was to attend them. I soon learned that this was a nutting expedition, and that Emma and an-

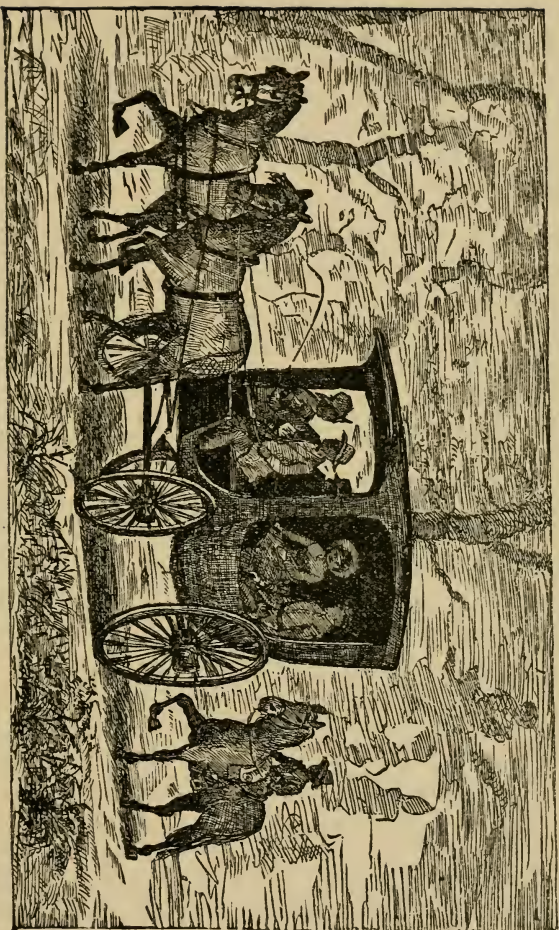
other young miss who lived near by were to be of the party. Of course I was anxious to join them, but hesitated on being asked by the boys, for I wished to have an invitation direct from the lips of Emma. Just then Emma called out of the window, "We will be ready in five minutes, Uncle Ben." This was said to the colored man; for it is the kind custom of Southern people to call old negro men and women uncle and aunt. The great majority of Southern people were always kind to their slaves, and it is a great mistake to think that they used them as they would brutes. And even to-day there is more genuine personal good-feeling among the Southern people for the negro than among the Northern people. The Southern people have been brought up with them; they understand them; and they really have an affection for them which the Northern people have never felt. The North loves the idea, the principle, of equal rights to all, but the South has a real love for the individual.

In her glance from the window Emma had just caught a glimpse of me, as I sat on my horse near the carriage; and as she turned to her companion within, she exclaimed in rather a loud whisper, not

intended to be heard by me, "Sadie, if there isn't the little Yankee soldier you have heard us speak about." Up went the window again, and Emma laughed out a merry good-morning, and hoped that I would be one of their party. This was what I was waiting for, so I gladly accepted the invitation to go with them. Sadie Woods was a pretty little dark-eyed girl of about thirteen years, and I was not long in learning that Walter was her accepted sweetheart, and that too much attention from me would cause him some uneasiness, so I directed my gallantry more especially to Miss Emma. Now, Emma was a little older than I, and was therefore a little inclined to patronize me in a way that wounded my pride somewhat, for I felt myself perfectly suitable, in age and bearing, to act as her escort. She had also a way of referring to young men of her acquaintance which irritated me not a little; for she seemed to be particularly careful to let me know that a boy who was not at least seventeen years old was altogether too young to waste her time upon. But, in spite of this disparity of age between us, I could see that she was not displeased with my attentions, but rather flattered than other-

wise. So I endeavored to make up in manner what I lacked in age and size. Well, we had a jolly ride for the distance of about three miles ; Emma and I on one seat, Sadie and the boys on another, and uncle Ben in front. I had given my horse into the care of uncle Ben's boy, little black Jake, who brought up the rear. We halted on a hill overlooking the camp in the valley below, and could see a regiment which was just forming in line and getting ready for drill. We stood and watched the soldiers go through several manoeuvres, but we were too far away to get much satisfaction from the sight ; so we turned to the woods, on the lookout after chestnuts. Our party divided on entering the woods, with the agreement that we were not to go beyond calling distance of one another. Emma and I started off in one direction, and Sadie and the boys in another, while uncle Ben and little Jake were to remain with the horses and carriage, and we were all to meet for luncheon at about one o'clock. We were not long in finding chestnuts, but I was at a loss to know how to gather them, as this was the first time I had ever gone hunting for them. Now, Emma was too glad to show me how they were to be beaten off the trees with sticks, which I quickly cut for that pur-

pose. I insisted that she must allow me to do all the climbing and beating, but this she would not consent to do, for she saw very plainly that she could excel me in these matters, and was bent on making me feel it. Now, it was very mortifying for me to be outdone by a girl, and I put forth every power that I could muster, but was still doomed to defeat. Emma greatly enjoyed my humiliation, and talked down to me in a way that was very crushing to my military pride. We had trudged on from tree to tree, gathering a few chestnuts here and a few there, until we came to a large tree, richly laden with choice chestnuts. Emma proposed that we should sit down and have a little talk, before attacking its branches with our sticks. "Do you know," said Emma, "that I feel very sorry for your brother and the other Yankee soldiers who have come down here to fight us, for they will get terribly beaten by the Southern boys. Fred Austin told me, the last time he was at our house, how he intended to make the Yankees scatter when he met them in battle." Now, this Fred Austin I supposed to be one of Emma's admirers, as I had heard him spoken of more than once by her. He was about eighteen years old, and had joined the Southern



"THE NOTTING PARTY."

army a few days before our army arrived at this camp. I determined to give this young Southern cavalier one shot at least, and at the same time prick Emma just a little. "I should think, from what you say of this Mr. Austin," said I, "that he is a bragging jack, who fights all his battles with words, at very long range, and will avoid a meeting with the Yankees so long as possible." Emma colored up a little at this speech, which was delivered with some warmth, but she did not make an angry retort, for she felt that I had been justly provoked to say what I had said. "Well, we will leave the fighting to the *soldiers*," she said, "and you and I will go on gathering chestnuts." Now this seemingly pacific speech of Emma's was not without a sting, for it implied that *I* was no soldier,—an implication to which I was peculiarly sensitive, and quick to resent under most circumstances, but Emma had put it so skilfully that I could do nothing but hold my tongue. She saw that the arrow had struck, and was content to leave it so. After a brief consultation, it was thought best to get the party all together before attempting to strip the tree of its chestnuts, for it was a large one, and would supply us with all the chestnuts we desired. Two or three

calls brought Sadie and the boys to where we were, and we began a general assault upon the tree. It required a pretty expert climber to ascend this tree, as its trunk was large and the limbs were beyond our reach from the ground. I found it necessary to remove my boots, as I was not going to let the other boys beat me climbing. Emma offered to boost me to the first limb, and then I felt quite sure that I could go as near the top and as far out on the branches as either of the other boys. Now, Emma was determined to test my courage in climbing; so she suggested that the chestnuts at the top of the tree were the ripest, and could be more easily beaten off. So up I went, hand-over-hand, until I could hardly be seen from below through the foliage of the tree. I laid my stick about me with a will, and the chestnuts rattled down in showers to the ground. The girls shouted "Well done," and I paused to take breath. The tree was near the top of a hill, and as I looked below and to the right, I could see a small plateau, with a stately mansion situated near the centre. There were also a great number of small buildings about a third of a mile away from this dwelling, and I had learned enough about the South to know that these buildings were the

negro-quarters ; and their number indicated that the owner of the mansion must be a very wealthy gentleman. "Who lives in that elegant old mansion down to the right?" I called down to Emma. "That is the residence of Col. Graves," she answered back. "He is the richest man in this county. He owns a great deal of land in this community, and has also a large plantation in Louisiana. He had a great many negroes before the war began, but many of them have run away since the Yankee army came here." "Is he a colonel in the rebel army?" I inquired. Now I knew that this word "rebel" was not pleasing to Emma, but I was not inclined to be very conciliating just then ; besides, I knew that the word "Yankee" was used as a term of reproach for our army, so I thought I would pay her back in her own coin. To this she could not object, so she answered, "No ; Col. Graves is too old to go to the war himself, but he has two sons with Gen. Buckner's army at Bowling Green." "If he has never been to war, why do they call him colonel?" I inquired. "I don't know why," said Emma, "but I have always heard him called Col. Graves." I learned afterwards that it was a polite custom among the Southern people to call a wealthy and honorable

gentleman by the title of captain, major, or colonel. This conversation was carried on in rather a loud voice, as Emma was on the ground and I was high up in the tree. In looking over the valley below, I fell to thinking of Col. Graves, and his two sons in Gen. Buckner's army; and then my eyes rested upon his stately mansion, and my imagination entered it and went sailing about through the wide halls and spacious chambers, and I wondered if there were any boys and girls in this dignified old house. Giving my mind up to these thoughts, I almost forgot that I was in the top of a tree, and became careless as to the security of my position. Just then Walter struck the branch upon which I was standing, with his stick, and down I went thump upon the ground. I caught once or twice to the limbs in my descent, which lightened the fall very much; otherwise I might have had my head broken, and thus ingloriously ended my military career. As it was, I was quite seriously hurt, and unable to rise from the ground. The young folks were all greatly scared and excited, and hardly knew what to do. Uncle Ben was summoned, and quickly decided to send to Col. Graves for assistance. Little Jake was dispatched upon this errand, and in

about thirty minutes returned with an elderly gentleman and two colored men. I was taken upon the shoulders of these negroes, and carried to the "stately mansion" which I had been admiring but a few moments before from the tree-top.

A physician was soon called in, and it was found that my collar-bone was broken, and that I was considerably bruised in several other places. Mrs. Graves, very kindly and firmly, decided that I could not be removed from her house until I had completely recovered from all my injuries. A messenger was sent to my brother with the following note: —

Major Monroe.

DEAR SIR: A boy wearing the uniform of a bugler, whom I understand is your brother, while nutting near my residence with a party of children, fell from a tree and sustained injuries which will prevent his removal for at least one week. I can assure you that he will have the best of medical treatment, and the kindest attention from myself and family. We also extend to you the most hearty invitation to accept our hospitalities, that you may be with your brother until his bruises are entirely healed.

I am, sir, most sincerely and cordially yours,

CHRISTOPHER GRAVES.

This note considerably alarmed my brother. He mounted his horse without delay, and was soon at

my bedside. But, not willing to trust the case to a strange doctor, he brought our regimental surgeon with him, who, with the assistance of the other doctor, soon set the broken bone, and predicted a speedy recovery. Now, I was perfectly conscious all the while, and suffered a great deal of pain, but I did not forget my position as a soldier, and I knew that it would be very unsoldier-like for me to give way to pain, and exhibit the weakness of ordinary people. So I bore up stoutly under the pain which attended the setting of the bone, and did not cry nor complain. There were two words, however, that were constantly upon my tongue, struggling for utterance, and these words were "home" and "mother." The good Mrs. Graves would sit by my bedside for hours at a time, and while her kind and gentle attentions were very soothing, still her presence in my chamber made me feel sad, for she reminded me continually of my own mother, who was far away in New England. My brother slept near me, and did everything in his power to relieve my pain and cheer me up. He had written to our mother about the accident, but had put it in so mild a way that it gave her no particular concern about my recovery. Her letters were always cheerful, and

usually contained some kind words to me from my little school-friends, who inquired every day about me. I had been in my bed for three days, and was getting to feel pretty comfortable, when I received the following letter by the hand of little black Jake:—

DEAR GEORGE: We were all terribly frightened when you fell from the tree, and if it had not been for Uncle Ben I don't know what we would have done. Walter is very sorry, and has grieved a great deal to think that he was the cause of your fall. But of course you know that he did not mean to do it, and you will not think hard of him. I am also sorry that I talked so provokingly to you that day; but I only wanted to have a little fun, you know, and did not mean to hurt your feelings, so I hope you will forgive me. I suppose you have seen Annie Belle Lee, for she lives at Col. Graves's house. Do you think she is pretty? Most people do; but for my part I prefer dark hair and eyes, and she has blue eyes and light hair,—some call it red. We have hulled the chestnuts, but will not roast them until you can be with us. We all send our love (Sadie too), and hope that you will soon be able to visit us again.

Your friend,

EMMA PHILLIPS.

This letter pleased me and excited my curiosity, and I was very anxious to see this little blue-eyed beauty. I had always been partial toward blue

eyes and light hair ; for the reason, I suppose, that my hair and eyes were just the opposite. I now, for the first time during my illness, became a little restless, and began to toss about in my bed. Old Aunt Coal, a very black slave, who had the care of my chamber, overheard this tossing as she went about putting things in order, and she was afraid that I would give myself a set-back. So she began to caution me, " Lay still now, dat's a good boy, co's de doctor said dat if you moved about much you would keep de bone from gwine together." " Thank you, Aunt Coal ;" said I, " I know that I should be quiet, but it is pretty hard for me to lay here flat on my back so long, when everybody else in the house and at the camp are up and stirring about. Is there a boy in the house, Aunt Coal, about my size? for if there is, I would like to have him come and talk with me." The old woman stopped her work, turned to me with a sad face, and said, " No, Massa George, dare hain't no little boy heah, nor no big boys neither, fo' der all gone off to Massa Buckner's army, and de good old times we used to hab are done gone." " What were those good old times, Aunt Coal?" I asked. The old

black woman drew a chair near my bed, and began :
“ I mean de good old times when massa and missis and all de young folks were at home. When we used to hab de big gatherens, and de young gentlemen and de young ladies from all around de country and de city would come heah and frolic and make love wid each other fo’ days and weeks at a time ; and de niggers would sing and dance, and pat juber fo’ dem all, and we would all be happy together. But dat’s all done gone now,” sighed the old woman. “ De men hab all gone to the wa’ ’cept de old worn-out ones, and der wives and der sweettha’ts are not happy any mo’ ; and de niggers der runnin’ away and leaben massa, and de Yankee army is heah, so massa can’t go after ’em and fetch ’em back.” “ But, Aunt Coal,” said I, “ the Yankee army is going to make all you colored people free, so that you can go where you like and be your own masters.” My speech, instead of delighting the old woman, as I had expected it would, terrified her very much. “ Oh, de Lord hab mercy !” she exclaimed, “ der not gwine to take me away from old massa and missus, is dar? What will dis old nigger do? I have always libed heah in dis

house ; I have been wid missus eber since she was born ; I hab nursed her and all ob de dear children ; and dey was always so kind and good to me, and now if de Yankees go and take me away from de old home it will kill dis old nigger. I knows it will.” It almost made me cry to hear the old woman talk with so much feeling and affection for her master and mistress. I was quick to assure her that she need never leave them if she did not wish to. Her sleek, black face brightened up at this, and she said, in very grateful tones, “ De Lo’d bless you, Massa George, for tellen me dat, for it makes dis old black heart happy once mo’, to think dat I may lib and die wid old massa and missus.” I began to think that the slave-holders were not all monsters, at least. “ Aunt Coal, you said, I believe, that there were no men nor boys in this house except Col. Graves.” “ Dar’s one old man here beside Massa Graves, but I didn’t think it worth while to mention him, fo’ he is done worn-out, and han’t fit for nuffen mo’.” “ But are there any young ladies in the family ? ” I inquired. I felt a little timid about asking directly concerning Annie Bell, and thought that I would come to the point by degrees,



"WHAT WERE THOSE GOOD OLD TIMES, AUNT COAL?"

and was in hopes that this question would open up a conversation in which Aunt Coal would mention the little girl, and thus I could have some excuse for inquiring about her and asking her to visit me. "Yes, der is two young ladies in de family," she said; "der is Missus Lee, who is a widder, and der is Miss Josephine, who is de sister-in-law of Missus Lee. She is near to eighteen years old, and is a beauty, I can tell you." "How long has Mrs. Lee been a widow?" I asked. "It was ten years last water-melon time since Massa Lee died ob yaller feber in New Orleans. Den Missus Lee came back home to lib wid her fader and moder." And here the old woman stopped, with the feeling, no doubt, that she had told me all I wished to know about the family. I waited, hoping that she would continue, but I saw that she had nothing more to say unless I had more questions to ask. "I suppose that Mrs. Lee is very lonely," said I. "Yes, she is so," simply responded the old woman. I saw that I would be obliged to lead more directly to the point for which I was aiming, so I asked, "Has Mrs. Lee no children to comfort her?" "Yes, she has one; but I don't know that she is any great comfort

to her." "Oh, she has one child then, has she, and that is a girl?" I said, in a careless manner. "Yes; Miss Annie Bell is a wild girl, and gibs old Aunt Coal a good deal ob trouble." "Her name is Annie Belle, then. How old is she?" I ventured to ask. "Let me see," said the old woman, putting her arms akimbo and assuming a very thoughtful air. "She will be fourteen years old when persimmons are well ripe, fo' her mother was heah when she was born, and I remember that my black boy Sam brought in a lot of persimmons on dat very day." This was as far as I thought proper to go into the family affairs, so I allowed Aunt Coal to leave my chamber without any further questions. I lay for sometime thinking over what the old black woman had told me, and gradually drifted off into a quiet sleep.



CHAPTER III.

On the sixth day after my accident, I was permitted to sit up and receive visitors. Almost the first who called to see me was "the sergeant," as I afterwards learned to call him. He was a man about sixty years old, and was lame from a wound he had received in the Mexican War. He was a remote relation of Mrs. Graves, and had been living upon the bounty of Col. Graves ever since his return from the war. It is one of the admirable things about the Southern people that they will stick to their kin through every kind of misfortune, and even disgrace, and treat them at all times with the kindest consideration. So the sergeant was never made to feel his dependent condition ; but, on the contrary, in view of his age and service in the Mexican War, he was allowed special privileges, and his opinion on any subject he chose to discuss was always listened to with marked attention and respect, and he never for an instant doubted but that he was as much entitled to what he was receiving as any other

member of the family. I was a little surprised, at first, when I saw him come limping through the hall, as I inferred from what Aunt Coal had told me that Col. Graves was the only white man in the family; but I then remembered that she had added, “’cept de done worn-out ones,” and I was quite certain that my visitor belonged to the “done worn-out” class. I was sitting in an easy chair when he entered. He stopped, looked at me for a moment, and quickly brought his cane to a “carry,” and then to a “present arms.” He then began again, and went through the complete manual of arms, ending with a grand military salute, which, as his inspecting officer, I arose and returned, and commanded him to “rest at will.” The old veteran seemed surprised and pleased at the military aptness of the raw recruit, and he extended his hand as a token of fellowship. He sat down, scanned me from head to foot, and from foot to head, for almost one minute before speaking, and then began: “I am an old soldier; I was all through the Mexican War with Gens. Scott and Taylor. I have seen a great many soldiers, of all kinds and sizes, in my time, but I’ll be court-martialed if you ain’t the smallest speci-

men to wear a uniform that ever I clapped eyes on. The Yankees must be hard up for soldiers to send such as you down here to be shot at." The sergeant had touched my sensitive nerve, and I was on the point of making a pretty saucy reply, but his gray hairs and maimed condition checked its utterance, and I simply said, "I remember that Napoleon was laughed at on account of his youth and small stature." "So he was, — so he was," replied the sergeant. "I did not mean to wound you, and I accept the rebuke. It is not age nor size that makes the true soldier, but courage, — and you may have as much of that as any man, for all I know. But you must admit that you are rather a small target for a musket-ball; and besides, I doubt whether our boys would think it worth their while to waste powder and lead on such small game." "All the better for me if they don't," I responded. "You seem to take a joke pretty well," said the sergeant, "and I don't see what's to hinder our becoming good friends. I was just thinking that you and I together would make one complete soldier, — you the beginning and I the end, — and the ends, you know, always include the middle." "But I am afraid that neither end is

able just now for duty, for we both belong to the invalid corps, and I am not likely to do much more active service during this campaign. I suppose," said I, "that if both ends were able for duty they could not agree, but would try to destroy each other, as I am for the Union and you are against it." "I had not thought of that," said the sergeant; "but as it is, we will both remain, for a time at least, non-combatants. And now I want you to tell me where your home is, and how you came to be with the army." "My home is in Boston," I rather proudly answered. He straightened himself up at the sound of Boston, and looked more surprised than ever; whether in anger, or not, I was unable to determine. "Do you really live in that hotbed of Abolitionists; and did you ever see those negro-thieves, Garrison, Phillips, and Parker?" "I have heard Mr. Parker preach, and have seen Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips quite often," I answered. "Well, do you know that I should like, of all things, to have a hold of one end of a good strong rope with the other end around the necks of those rascals." "I don't see that any great harm would come to them from that," I replied; "because you are not a very large nor

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weighty man, and could not possibly draw up all three of these men at once.” “Perhaps not, perhaps not,” said the sergeant; “but I think I could manage them one at a time, eh?” “You might, if they consented to have you do it, and made no resistance,” I said; “but even in that case I think you would require one or two other rebels to assist you.” “Oho! you call me a rebel, do you? Well, I suppose I am, I suppose I am; but do you know I don’t like that word ‘rebel’ a bit. All my soldier days were spent in the service of the Union, and under the stars and stripes, and I don’t like to think of our boys fighting against the old flag; but of course this is all a notion, — an old soldier’s notion; still, I can’t forget how beautiful the flag looked as it led the charge in the battle of Buena Vista, where I was wounded as you see. I glory in war when it is waged against a common enemy and in a righteous cause; but this thing of civil war, this thing of the American people fighting one another, I don’t care so much about. I have fought side by side with Yankee soldiers, and know what kind of metal they are made of; so I tell our boys that they will not have such an easy time of driving them

home as they imagine.” “Our army does not intend to go home until the rebellion is all put down,” I answered. “You think so, do you?” said the sergeant. Well, that’s right, — that’s the true spirit of a soldier ; never say fail. But still I am of the opinion that most of the Yankee soldiers will have the pleasure of a Christmas dinner at home, — those of them, I mean, who are not killed by our boys in the meantime.” “It may be as you say, and I trust it will ; but I fear that it will take longer than that time to stop the rebellion, for they seem to have got a pretty good start.” The sergeant smiled at this, and proposed that hostilities between us should cease for the present. “Then you raise the white flag, do you?” I asked. “Yes,” replied the sergeant, “but it is not a capitulation, — only a truce to give us time to bury our dead.” We both laughed heartily.

“But, now,” seriously began the sergeant, “Old Abe was a little mistaken if he thought ‘the rebellion,’ as you call it, could be put down in three months. He’ll find that it is not to be stamped out quite so quickly, if at all. The South has for years too plainly seen that the North was bent on destroying the institution of slavery, and it has been quite

evident for some time that a separation of the North and South was necessary to protect the rights of the Southern people.” “Then you were preparing for war some time before it actually began,” I said. “Yes,” said the sergeant, “and that is where we have the start of you, and we mean to keep it. But I think I am capable of doing justice to both sides, and hope that I am not wholly blinded to the faults of the Southern people. It is pretty hard, I know, especially at this time, when war is actually waging, for a Northern man to do justice in speaking of the South, and *vice versa*, I suppose ; but as I am a non-combatant, I am more likely to see the good features of both sections than one who is engaged in the struggle. The North had become somewhat accustomed to the wild and menacing threats of ‘fire-eaters’ of the South, and the Northern people could not believe that the South actually meant to divide the Union, and so, as I say, the North was not prepared for war when it did really come ; and even after it came it was thought to be a rash, impetuous act, led on by the ‘fire-eaters,’ which the South would soon regret ; but in this the North has by this time found out that it was greatly mistaken. The South fully con-

sidered before it took the decisive step, and its councils and armies are not led by 'fire-eaters,' but by its very best and most capable men, and they have gone to work in real earnest to separate from the North and establish an 'independent Southern Democracy.' The South, on the other hand, I think, has also miscalculated; and some Southern people are foolish enough to believe that one Southern soldier can whip six Yankees. The Northern youths, it is true, have not taken to the army so much as the Southern boys, and we have, perhaps, more trained soldiers than the North has; which, of course, is greatly to our advantage. Again, the Northern representatives in Congress have not shown much 'fight,' but have taken direct insults from Southern members without resenting them. This, of course, is not considered manly or honorable by our Southern 'code;' hence some Southern people have jumped to the conclusion that the Northern people are lacking in personal courage, and are no match for the Southern soldier. But I tell them that the Northern man lives in a different atmosphere, and that his courage is not to be tested by the Southern 'code;' and I think we are beginning to find

that fact out, and the sooner our people come to fully understand this the better. And I am free to admit that thus far the cold-blooded Northerner has carried himself just as bravely as our more hot-blooded Southerners. And why should it be otherwise? Are they not of the same national family? Did not their fathers fight side by side in the 'Revolution,' in the War of 1812, and in the contest with Mexico? And what is there in the nature of things to make the man of one section of this country more valiant than any other?" The sergeant had worked himself up to a high state of excitement, and I was willing to leave the matter as he had put it. Aunt Coal entered at that moment, and I asked her if she would please to do me some slight service, — what it was I do not remember. "Don't say 'please,'" burst out the sergeant, "because you don't mean it, and one ought always to say what one means."

"Aunt Coal is a slave, and knows her place, and it is her business and duty to do what we please to have her do, and not what she pleases to do. So when you want her to do anything which it is her business to do, always tell her to do it, in plain words,

without giving any reasons for what you wish done, or consulting her pleasure in the matter. Aunt Coal is a faithful old servant, and deserves very kind treatment; but it is no particular kindness to ask her to please do anything, when she knows that her pleasure is not really thought of at all. I believe in plain, frank speech in dealing with every one; and that is one thing that I dislike about you Yankees: it is always difficult to know just what you mean, for you don't talk straight at the mark, but beat around the bush too much." As compared with the frank, plain speech of the Southern people, I felt that the sergeant's criticism was a just one, and did not attempt to argue the point.

The sergeant arose, went through the manual of arms once more with his cane, gave me a final salute, and marched out in as good order as his age and lame leg would permit. Soon after this I had a visitor that I enjoyed even more than my military friend; it was a little girl with blue eyes and fair hair, and her name was Annie Bell Lee. She came with her mother and aunt, — Miss Josie Lee. She was very shy, and said little to any one, — nothing to me. I noticed her peeping at me once or twice,



"THE OLD SERGEANT."

however, and she caught me looking at her, and we both blushed a little. Now, to be frank, — as the sergeant would have me, — I was dreadfully smitten with Annie Bell. Indeed, I was quite sure that I had never seen so pretty a girl in all my life. Mrs. Lee thought that I would be strong enough to dine with the family the next day, and I caught eagerly at the invitation. Now, this was to be my first appearance in the family circle, and of course I was anxious to look and act my very best, for I knew that I would be under the fire of all eyes, and especially the blue ones of Annie Belle. I spent the greater part of the morning in burnishing my brass buttons, brushing my uniform, and getting myself up generally for the occasion, and when the dinner-hour arrived I felt pretty well prepared for the encounter. I was conducted into the dining-room by Miss Lee, and was shown to a seat just opposite Annie Belle. We did not seem to take any particular notice of each other at first, but after the substantial part of the dinner had been disposed of, and the more “social course” was brought on, the conversation became very spirited, and I managed to exchange a word or two with Annie Belle. After

dinner, Mrs. Lee suggested that Annie Belle might show me through the house, if I felt strong enough for the tour. I felt perfectly strong enough, especially considering who was to be my guide. We went first to the library, and spent some time there looking at the books. There were very few books that I was at all acquainted with, but those I had read I was very careful to mention, and talked about them in a very learned way. I meant to impress Annie Belle with my learning as well as my soldierly bearing; for to be both a scholar and a soldier was the height of my ambition. I was very dignified and formal at first, and kept her in awe of me. I talked and acted in a very manly way, but I saw that she was not pleased with this; so I gradually came down from my stilts, and talked to her as a little boy should talk to a little girl, — in a frank, simple, boyish fashion. She was greatly pleased with the change in my deportment, and we were soon on easy terms with each other, talking and laughing in the most careless manner. The parlors were large and very richly furnished, and the walls were hung with costly pictures, among which were several portraits representing the ancestors of Col.



and Mrs. Graves. There was also a portrait of Annie Belle's father, painted a short time before his death; it showed him to be a man of about twenty-eight or thirty. I looked through the family album, and saw several gray uniforms; among others, Capt. and Lieut. Graves, sons of my kind host and hostess. I was truly interested in everything Annie Belle showed me, and expressed my interest in unmistakable ways. This seemed to delight her, and she became very animated, and I saw that she was naturally a very lively kind of a girl. After we had gone pretty well through the fine old mansion, we sat down to rest upon a sofa, near a window which commanded a view of the Ohio for a distance of five or six miles. We both sat for a short time looking at a steamboat paddling its way up the river. I broke the silence, and surprised Annie Belle by telling her that I had been in this house before. "When?" she asked. "Just before I was brought here on the shoulders of those colored men," I replied. I saw that she was puzzled to know what I meant; so I told her that when I was in the top of the chestnut tree I saw this fine old house, and flew over here on the wings of my imagi-

nation, and went sailing up and down the halls and through the chambers, looking for boys and girls. "And did you see any?" asked Annie Belle. "I have forgotten about that," I replied; "for when I returned to my perch in the tree-top, I missed my foothold and fell with such a thump to the ground that it knocked everything out of my fancy that I had seen while I was over here, and I simply remembered of having made the visit, and nothing more." Annie Belle understood me now, and laughed heartily. "I believe I must have seen you," she said, "for there was something flying around through the halls that day; but Aunt Coal said it was a bat, and so they chased it out." "But bats do not fly around in the daytime," I responded. "This one," she continued, "had been in a dark corner, we supposed, and when the blinds were opened and the sunlight came in, the bat flew out." I insisted that it would be impossible for me to assume such a hideous shape as that of a bat, and that I thought it more likely that I would take the form of a bird, and if I ever did it again I would fly into her chamber and sing to her. She laughingly replied that she supposed I would

be a blackbird, for my hair and eyes were black; but she added, that while the blackbird was quite pretty, it did not have a very sweet voice, so that she would like to have me come in the plumage of the blackbird but with the voice of the canary. I told her I would borrow all the good qualities from all the birds and combine them in one, when I next visited her. She replied that if I did, she would be certain to catch and cage me, and keep me in her chamber, where she might always see me and hear me sing. I made a gallant answer, to the effect that nothing would please me so well as to be tended by so fair a keeper, and that I would sing to her in my sweetest notes all day long. I think we both felt that we had gone far enough in a certain direction. There now, you see what a muss I was getting myself into. I had gone down South, as I thought, to fight rebels, but I was just about to make an unconditional surrender, without any show of resistance, to one of the little rebel girls. It was understood between us that we should see each other frequently, so long as I was in the house at least; and I began to fear that my injuries would not make it necessary for me

to remain at Col. Graves's much longer. So I did not feel quite so well that evening, and Mrs. Graves feared that I had taken too much exercise, and advised me to be more quiet the next day. When my brother came, I told him all about my visit from the sergeant, dining with the family, and carelessly mentioned the tour of the house with Annie Belle. My brother had dined with the family frequently, and of course had seen Annie Belle, and agreed with me that she was quite pretty ; and when I mentioned her name he smiled, and told me that if I was not very careful I would get another fall, more serious perhaps than the first, and from which I might not so soon recover, but he hoped that no broken bones would result. Of course I knew what he was hinting at ; he had not yet heard the sergeant's lecture on frankness, and still indulged the Yankee propensity for indirectness. I made no reply, for I was quite certain that the fall had already occurred. For the next two days I kept pretty closely to my chamber. I went out to my meals, however, and was visited by every member of the family except Col. Graves, who had gone to Louisville on business. Miss Josie Lee and Annie Belle came in and spent the most of

one afternoon with me. Miss Lee had been educated in New Orleans, had spent one year in Paris, and was a beautiful and accomplished young lady ; but she was a great rebel, and hated the Yankees with all her heart. Almost every young lady in the South had a brother or lover — often both — in the Southern army, and it was very natural for them to be bitter against the “ Yankee ” army. It proved that Capt. Graves was the accepted lover of Miss Lee. She denounced the Yankee soldiers in pretty round terms ; her denunciations, however, were so general that they did not irritate me in the least. Miss Lee was too well bred, and naturally too kind and polite, to say anything that could wound my feelings ; and she was careful to make an exception in favor of my brother, whom she spoke of as being a gentleman and a scholar, and worthy a better cause than that of fighting for the freedom of the negroes, whose best and happiest condition was that of slavery. I was not disposed to argue the matter with Miss Lee, particularly in the presence of Annie Belle ; but I told her that I thought if she knew other Union soldiers she would change her opinion of them, and would like them perhaps

equally as well as my brother, for there were a great many gentlemen and scholars among them. But she insisted that my brother was an exception, and that she did not wish to extend her acquaintance any further among the Yankee soldiers; still she hoped that the chance acquaintance with myself and brother, which had been very pleasant to the whole family, would not terminate with my illness. I hoped so too, and so did Annie Belle. But the mere possibility of my acquaintance with Annie Belle being brought to a close so soon, made me half wish that my injuries had been more severe. I began now to feel that war was indeed a very dreadful thing, when it separated friends in that cruel way. I said that I should be very sorry if I could not visit them frequently, for they had all been so kind to me, and I was sure that I liked them just as well as if they were all for the Union instead of secession. Annie Belle said that she wished the war would stop, for she did not know what it was all about anyway; but she thought that my brother and I were good Yankees, and did not mean to do much harm to the South. But she advised me not to fight for the negroes, for they

were not worth fighting for ; and besides, I might get killed, and that would grieve my mother very much. I told her that I had to do my duty, now that I was in the army, but that I did not have any bad feelings at all toward the Southern people, and hoped the time would soon come when the North and South could be friends again, and live together as before ; but until that time should come, I wanted to be her friend just as much as if I was in the Southern instead of the Northern army. To this she willingly consented. I suppose it was pretty easy for Miss Lee to interpret the unspoken communications that were passing between Annie Belle and myself during this conversation. She took quite an interest in the matter, and said that she could see no reason why we should not become the very best of friends. This was most encouraging, and I felt better at that particular moment than I had at any time since my fall. Miss Lee saw that her words had produced a happy effect upon us both ; so she went on to say that it was quite likely, if my parents were living in the South, they would be for secession, and that if Col. Graves and family were living in the North they would be in favor of the Union ; so that, after all, our circumstances make us what we are,

and we should not think any the less of each other because we found our friends on opposite sides in the war. How kind and generous it was of Miss Lee to say this, when her sympathies were so decidedly with the Southern cause. I knew that she said it in order to clear the way for Annie Belle and me, and I am sure we were both very grateful to her for it. When they arose to go, Miss Lee bent over and kissed me, and told me to keep a light heart and all would be well. I felt that this was a pledge of her friendship to me and Annie Belle, and I thought what a kind, sweet, and lovely lady she was, to take so much interest in the affairs of two children; especially since I was a Yankee, and her own true lover was a captain in the Southern army.

My visitors had filled my heart and my chamber with sunshine. But as I sat thinking of Annie Belle and her soft blue eyes, and of the womanly grace and beauty of Miss Lee, a shadow fell upon the floor and gradually filled the entire room, and I felt its chill creeping all over me; and this shadow was caused by the thought that my brother must certainly be in love with Miss Lee, as he had been quite often in her company, and I could not imagine how any man could see Miss Lee without being in love

with her. Now, my sadness came with thought of my brother's great misfortune in loving one who loved another; and I felt how utterly miserable I should be if Annie Belle's heart had been filled with the image of some little rebel boy, and not my own. But I was quite certain that this could not be, or Miss Lee would not have talked and acted as she did; besides, I felt sure that Annie Belle and I understood each other pretty well, although we had never spoken to each other about the matter. But girls and boys, men and women, can talk to each other without using words; for there is language in the eyes, the tones of the voice, and in every movement, and it only requires a sympathetic spirit to read it. Love, like murder, will out; and that when we are least aware of it. When my brother came from the camp that evening, I was unusually kind to him, as I meant to inform him of Miss Lee's engagement to Capt. Graves. I felt sure that it would be a great shock to him, and I wanted to break the news as gently as possible. Poor fellow! how I pitied him. I told him of my two visitors, and how kind and considerate Miss Lee had been. I mentioned especially her kind remarks about him; but instead of its eph

ing me on in my sorrowful task, I was afraid that I had unwittingly given him encouragement. "Miss Lee seemed to think," I went on to say, "that Annie Belle and I have a tender regard for each other, and she said many kind things to encourage us." But I added, "I suppose it is natural for those who are in love themselves to imagine that everybody else is in the same predicament." Now, I wanted my brother to know that Miss Lee was in love, before telling him the name of her lover, as it would be too much to tell it all at once. But this was a most unfortunate place to pause, for my brother might reasonably think that he was the object of her love. My task grew more difficult as I went on, for I felt that I had unintentionally awakened hopes which I must soon blast. I grew more determined, and advanced in a more direct way. I said that Miss Lee was a very accomplished and beautiful young lady, but I was sure that she could never love a Union soldier, as she was a great rebel, and had nothing but hatred for the Yankee army. I felt that this was coming very near the point, and I looked away from my brother, as I did not wish to witness his agony. Now, he understood me from the beginning, and was greatly amused at

my concern about him ; so he relieved me at once from my embarrassment by saying that “ Miss Lee certainly was a very charming young lady, and Capt. Graves was very fortunate, and ought to be proud to have the love of such a woman.” The shadows began to disappear. He said also that Miss Lee was a dangerous rebel for a Union soldier to meet, unless he had his heart well protected by the shield of another woman’s love. My brother then read me the following letter, which he had that day received from home : —

DEAR JAMES: I spent last evening with your mother and Lizzie. Of course our conversation was all about you and little George, and we were glad that you were having such fine weather in Kentucky. Winter has begun in earnest here in New England, and it is quite fortunate for our soldiers that the Southern climate is so much milder ; still, you must have some severe weather soon in Kentucky, and it grieves us all to think that you can have no better shelter than a frail tent provides. Soldiers are passing through the streets almost every day on their way to the front, and it is a wonder to me where they all come from. The North is wide awake by this time, and I believe that the rebellion cannot last much longer. My reading nowadays is principally confined to the daily papers, and I keep myself pretty well informed about the movements of the different armies. The resignation of the brave old veteran, Gen. Scott, has been accepted,

and Gen. McClellan succeeds him in the chief command of our national armies. I hope that he may prove himself worthy of this high and most responsible position. I see that Gen. Buell is to succeed Gen. Sherman as commander of the army in Kentucky. I trust you all will be pleased with him. The battle at "Camp Wild-Cat," in which a part of your army defeated Gen. Zollicoffer, was good news to us all, and we trust it may prove a prophecy as to the final result in your department. I am expecting every day to hear of the advance of your division upon Gen. Buckner at Bowling Green. Gen. McClellan is getting together a very fine army upon the Potomac, and we expect great things of him.

ANNIE PARSONS.

I have not given the letter in full, but enough to indicate the relation which existed between Miss Parsons and my brother. This letter completely relieved my mind concerning my brother and Miss Lee, — and I was happy.



CHAPTER IV.

Three weeks had passed away, and I had so far recovered from my breaks and bruises that there was no further need of physicians, nor was it necessary for me to remain longer under the care of Mrs. Graves; so I began, with rather a heavy heart, to prepare for my return to the camp. But my kind hostess and her daughter, Mrs. Lee, insisted that I should remain at least one week longer, as the weather was getting more severe, and there was danger of a relapse from an exposure which would be unavoidable at the camp. My brother hesitated about permitting me to lengthen my stay, for we had already enjoyed as much of their hospitalities as he thought warrantable, considering they would accept nothing in return. But as Mrs. Graves was very earnest and sincere in her wish to have me remain, my brother felt that it would be inconsiderate in him to insist further upon my going. So it was decided that I should remain another week at "Chestnut Hill," for that was the

name of Col. Graves's residence. Now, I determined to make the best possible use of these last days in cultivating my chance acquaintance with Annie Belle. Of course, it was not necessary that I should remain in-doors ; so Annie Belle and I put our heads together and arranged a programme of out-door exercises, with something special for the afternoon of each day. The first day we were to explore the barn and barn-yard. One who has never been South can get no true idea of the extensiveness of the barn and barn-yard of a large Southern plantation. All the horses, mules, and cattle have to be sheltered ; and the corn, wheat, tobacco, flax, rice, cotton, etc., must be stored away ; and the barn is usually large enough for all of these purposes. It comprises all the store-room and stables necessary to the plantation. The first object that particularly attracted my attention on entering the barn-yard was a very strange, sad, and solemn-looking creature ; and there was something about it that at once excited my pity, for it looked very unhappy, as though it had recently lost some dear friend. This animal proved to be a donkey ; and I was told that this was its habitual and natural

appearance, — that it at all times presented this same melancholy face and figure. I was inclined to linger about this grave and sober-minded beast, but Annie Bell, who had been accustomed to these animals all her life, could not understand why I was so much impressed by the donkey; and she hurried me away, for she said she could see nothing instructive or interesting in that absurd creature. But, absurd-looking as it undoubtedly was, the donkey had nevertheless made an impression upon me, and I shall never forget that particular donkey, as the sequel will show. We next went to the mule-sheds, where we saw the mules, horses, and oxen, more than two hundred in all, which were used for field purposes. Now, the family of the mule is of doubtful origin, and it is therefore not considered a very high-toned beast; in fact, it is regarded as being very low-toned, and no respectable horse would be found associating with it under any circumstances. Sometimes, however, one will see, in the South, mules and horses harnessed together; but it is pretty sure evidence that the horse has lost caste among his horse companions, either from bad conduct, the want of a good pedigree, or some kind

or other of inferiority which renders him an unfit companion for his fellow-horses. Now, the horses we saw in the mule-sheds were mostly of plebeian origin, and could boast of no remote ancestry. They were called by the euphonious name of "plugs," but what this word signifies in that relation I have never been able to learn. Some of these horses, however, might boast of pretty good blood; but they had been unable, for some reason, to maintain a respectable position "on the road," either to the wagon or under the saddle, so they had fallen to the low and degrading station of common field-drudges, and were compelled to become the companions of mules and oxen. After our visit to the mule-sheds, where we saw, as I have stated, horses, mules, and oxen living together promiscuously, without any apparent social distinctions, we went to the most aristocratic locality of the barn, where the "thoroughbreds" were stabled. I felt at once that I was in a very different atmosphere. There was a superior air about these horses, and the difference between them and those in the mule-sheds was just as marked as the difference between the residents of Beacon and

North Streets, Boston ; or Baxter Street and the Fifth Avenue, New York. I was looking through these well-kept stables and admiring the fine horses, when I heard a familiar whinney, and turning about, saw my own little horse, which I had not seen before since I left him in the care of little black Jake, on the memorable day of the nutting expedition. But there he was, right in the midst of the blooded roadsters, and he held his head just as high, and looked in every way just as respectable, as any of them. He was fat and sleek, and had evidently enjoyed his stay in the barn as much as I had enjoyed my stay in the house. Annie Belle said that she had been frequently to see my little horse during my illness, and had carried him apples and peaches, and all sorts of nice things to eat ; but he seemed to care more for his corn and oats than for anything else, and so she had ceased to take him anything, except now and then a bit of fresh grass, which he usually ate with little ceremony. My horse seemed to recognize Annie Belle, for he put out his nose towards her while she was talking, and sniffed about as if he were expecting some more grass ; but instead of the grass she gave him several

gentle pats, which he took with much complacency, as though he were accustomed to attentions of that sort. The fact was, I could see very plainly that my horse was putting on most extraordinary airs, and pretending that he was used to this kind of living; while the plain truth was, he had not had a very respectable parentage, nor a very genteel bringing up, and there were very grave doubts about the blueness of his blood. As it sometimes happens, through the shifting of circumstances, that the North Street resident gets quartered in Beacon Street, or the Baxter Street resident in the Fifth Avenue, so in this instance, the horse of low degree (pedigree) had found himself upon a footing with the thoroughbreds; and as the Baxter or North Street resident is sure to carry with him the marks of his origin, let him climb never so high upon the social ladder, so this little plebeian horse was constantly giving signs of his recent promotion. While Annie Belle patted him, he gave me a sly look out of the corners of his eyes, and seemed to say, "I see, young master, that you are getting on very well with the pretty little girl; and as for me, I am determined to make these proud

roadsters here understand that I have seen blooded horses before I came here, and that I am just as good as the best of them, and know what is due my position as the horse of a soldier and a bugler." I gave him a glance in return, which he no doubt understood, to the effect that I had no fears of his disgracing me, but was a little apprehensive lest he might betray his low origin by his pretentious airs. Annie Bell showed as much interest in my little horse as I had shown in the donkey. She asked me where I got him, how long I had possessed him, and how I brought him down there with me. I answered the first two questions satisfactorily, but I could not fully explain to her how my horse was brought down as far as Louisville in the cars. She had never seen horses on the cars, and was a little puzzled to understand how they are taken on and off. After a cordial leave-taking of my horse, we went to the apartments where the machinery and farming implements were stored away for the winter. I saw there, for the first time, a cotton-gin. A cotton-gin is a machine for separating the seeds from the cotton, and, strange to say, it was invented by Eli Whitney, a Connecticut Yankee,

who lived where there was no cotton raised, and hence no need for such a machine. Cotton is not so extensively cultivated in Kentucky as it is further south, so I did not see it in very great quantities.

For the remainder of my stay at “Chestnut Hill” I will copy from my diary, which was written at the close of each day. There are few changes made from the original entries:—

Chestnut Hill, Monday, December 3, 1861.—Got almost ready for my return to the camp; was packing up my things, and feeling pretty blue, when Annie Belle came running in to tell me that it had been settled between Mrs. Graves and my brother that I was to remain another week. Annie Belle seemed very glad to have me remain; this pleased me more than anything else. We made our plans for the week. What a strange and solemn-looking creature a donkey is; it seems also to be very wise. I saw my little horse for the first time since my accident.

I will not copy any more from the first day’s diary, as I have already given an account of the doings of that day.

Tuesday, December 4, 1861.—This morning Miss Lee read at the breakfast-table an account of

a skirmish, in which Capt. Graves had routed a party of foragers from our camp. They all talked about it very merrily, — except Annie Belle. We went to the negro quarters, and saw an old negro woman baking hoe-cakes on a board; the negroes have no stoves, and do all their cooking over the fire, with a crane, oven, etc. Their food is composed almost entirely of corn-cake and hog-meat. They seem quite happy. They sang us a song, and I have written down a part of it, that Annie Belle remembered and repeated to me : —

As I went down in de valley fo' to pray,
Bo'n King ob de Jews,
Studyin' about de good old way,
Bo'n King ob de Jews.
Oh wha, Oh wha, Oh wha, Oh wha, —
Oh wha am Ile dat was bo'n King ob de Jews?
If yo' git da afo' I do,
Bo'n King ob de Jews,
Tell 'em I's comin' too,
Bo'n King ob de Jews.
Oh wha, Oh wha, etc.

We heard an old negro man praying aloud in a very strong voice. Annie Belle says that he always prays when he thinks any white persons are listening to him; she says that he is not thought to be very sincere in his worship. I was curious to hear what

kind of a prayer he would offer, and was listening to him, when a stout, cheerful-looking negro woman came up to us and said, "Massa and missus, don't you pay no 'tention to dat old nigger in da ; he'll be stealin' chickens afo' to-mo' night." The old man heard this not very flattering comment upon his moral and religious character, and replied thus: "Go 'long way fom da, you lyin' nigger. You won't go to de good place you'self, and you don't want nobody else to go da neither." Several slaves had gathered around the disputants by this time, and it was evident that each champion had friends in the audience ; but the negro woman was not very easily vanquished, and, true to her sex, had the last word. "De good Lo'd don't know you nigger, — de good Lo'd don't know you," and with a loud laugh, away she ran to her cabin. We had games in the parlor at night.

Wednesday, December 5, 1861. — Col. Graves returned last night from Louisville. He brought with him dresses and many other nice things for the ladies and Annie Belle. She showed me all that was brought her. I think the blue dress is the prettiest ; it is near the color of her eyes. We went to visit

the Phillipses to-day, and had quite a nice time of it. I had not seen any of them since my illness. Walter went and brought Sadie Woods over, and we had a fine time roasting chestnuts. They were all very kind to me, and Walter was quite earnest in begging my pardon for his carelessness, which caused my fall from the chestnut tree. Emma wanted to outshine the other girls, especially Annie Belle; but she did not seem to take much notice of it. I could see, however, that they were not particularly fond of each other. Emma and I had a little private talk. She asked me many questions about Annie Belle, but I gave her little satisfaction. I am quite sure that she believes me in love with Annie Belle. She spoke of getting letters from Fred. Austin, and said that he was very handsome. I heard all of this without exhibiting the least sign of jealousy, which I imagine a little disappointing to Emma. I caught Annie Belle's eyes flashing upon us two or three times, and this made me feel that our private talk was annoying to her, and so I proposed to Emma that we return to the company. But Emma saw that Annie Belle was not pleased with this secrecy between us, and so she endeavored to detain

me with various trivial matters. I saw plainly that this was done simply to annoy Annie Belle, and I determined that she should see how the matter stood, and that I did not have any particular regard for Emma. So I called out to the others that Emma was telling me about her brave and handsome sweetheart, Mr. Austin, and that I thought the entire company ought to hear it, as it was quite interesting. This turned the tables on Emma, and Annie Belle enjoyed it more than any other one. She brightened up at once, and was much more lively the remainder of our visit. Walter and Sadie were very sweet on each other. We spent the evening in the parlor at "Chestnut Hill." Col. Graves told us about his visit to Louisville. He says that there are a great many soldiers there, and the citizens are much annoyed by them. He fears that his horses and mules will be taken by our army. I told him that my brother would protect his property. He said he knew my brother would do all in his power, but he feared it was not in his power to protect him, as it was generally known that he was a Secessionist, and had two sons in the Confederate army. This made me feel very bad, for I thought

that it would be a very mean thing for our army to destroy the property of this good family, all of whom had been so kind to a little stranger, as I was. They all talked till quite late, in a very sober manner, about their friends in the army and the dismal condition of everything in the South. Annie Belle and I sat in a corner and listened attentively to all that was said. We both frequently sighed, and there was a general feeling of sadness, and the "good-nights" were spoken in almost solemn tones. I wish there was no such thing as war; how much sorrow and heart-burning it causes.

Thursday, December 6, 1861.—This was a bright morning, and we were granted the liberty of a horseback ride to the village. My horse had not been out of the barn-yard for so long that the ladies feared I would not be able to manage him; but I was quite willing to risk it. A beautiful bay horse was brought out for Annie Belle. The girls in the South learn to ride horseback when very young, and I found to my surprise that Annie Belle could sit a horse almost as well as I. Just as I was seated in my saddle, the donkey set up a terrible braying, and my little horse embraced the opportu-

nity of exhibiting himself before the family. He pricked up his ears, elevated his tail, snorted, and pranced around Annie Belle, and reared up two or three times. I was not displeased with this performance, as it gave me a chance to display my horsemanship. This satisfied the ladies that I was master of the situation. Our horses went prancing down the lane, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs after us. Annie Belle seems prettier in every new attitude. I don't believe there ever was a girl who looked so pretty on horseback, or could sit a horse so gracefully as she can. The village is two miles away. We called at the post-office and got two letters; one of them was for Miss Lee, — from Capt. Graves, I suspect. I proposed that we should return by way of the camp, as I wanted my friends to see me in company with so pretty a young miss. She was naturally modest, and a little timid about meeting soldiers; and although she did not decline, I did not press her, and so we returned as we had come. We had a race up the lane to the house. I was beaten, and Annie Belle said she knew that I held my horse back on purpose, to let her beat. So I did, and my little horse did not like it at all;

for although he is of humble parentage, yet he can run like a deer. My brother came and spent the evening with the ladies. Miss Lee played the piano and sang several Southern songs, among others, "The Bonne Blue Flag" and "Dixie." She and brother sang a duet. Brother has a fine voice, and dances elegantly. I am proud of him, and am quite sure that he is quite as clever and handsome as Capt. Graves. Annie Belle and I danced several times. I wish I could dance better. She says that I am a "nice partner," but I know that I am not a good dancer. Napoleon or Wellington, I don't know which, said that among their soldiers the best dancers were always the best fighters; and my brother says that the colonel who led the charge of the "Light Brigade" was noted for his fine dancing and other society accomplishments, — in fact, he was a society "exquisite." So I must learn to dance in the best manner possible.

Friday, December 7, 1861. — I was a little stiff from my horseback ride yesterday, and Annie Belle makes the same report of herself. We went hunting persimmons to-day. They are very sweet fruit when fully ripe, but when not perfectly so they

are very bitter, and pucker one's mouth as though he were trying to whistle. I got one which looked ripe, but on tasting it I found my mistake. Annie Belle laughed at my puckered lips ; but I soon forgot the bitter in the enjoyment of the sweet, and ate a great quantity. We spent the evening together in my chamber, as there was company in the parlor that we did not particularly enjoy. I shall never forget this evening.

Saturday, December 8, 1861. — Mrs. Lee, Miss Lee, Annie Belle and I, all went over to Maj. Chrisler's. There were two young ladies at this house. They had evidently heard of me, for they said, "And this is the little bugler, is it?" The ladies sang Southern songs, and talked about little else than the war. There was a boy and girl. The boy gave me no concern in regard to Annie Belle ; the girl is not my style. We had the best corn-bread for dinner that I ever ate. We spent the evening in the library, reading over our notes to each other. I did not read all of mine, and I think she skipped some of her's. I should like to see all she has written.

Sunday, December 9, 1861. — This is the first

day and the last day, — the first day of the week and the last day of my stay at “Chestnut Hill.” This being Sunday, we were quiet and good. I asked Annie Belle what church she attended, and she answered, with some surprise, “The Episcopal, of course.” And she looked at me, as much as to say, “Now, I hope you are not opposed to the church, too, as well as to slavery.” I did not answer her look of inquiry, for I felt that here would be another cause of difference. I said that I was quite familiar with the church service, and had a great many friends who attended it. But this did not satisfy her, and she said, “I hope you are not a Baptist, are you?” I answered that I was not a Baptist. There were only two churches in the village, an Episcopal and a Baptist, so it was quite natural for her to infer that I must be a Baptist if not an Episcopalian. I told her what church I attended when at home, but she knew little about this church, and did not seem to take any interest in the matter. I was very anxious that she should respect my religion, and began to explain, but she took little interest in what I said. She was entirely satisfied to know that I was not a Baptist, so I

did not attempt any further explanation or defence of my faith. I went to church and read the service with her out of her prayer-book, and if there had been anything wanting, this convinced her that I was sound in the faith. We lingered in the parlor rather late, as it was my last night at "Chestnut Hill." While our army remains at its present camp I am going to see Annie Belle at least three times a week, and when the army changes camp we are to write often to each other.

Camp Buell, Monday, December 10, 1861. — I slept very little last night, but when I did I dreamed of Annie Belle; but it was such a strange and confused dream. It appeared that she was taken from me unwillingly, and carried off in a carriage drawn by six white horses. I followed after her, and found her in a fine mansion. She was very sad, and told me that it was all my fault. I wanted to take her away with me, but she said she could not leave that place, but must always live there. While we were talking, a strange, cold-looking man came between us and led her away into another apartment. She looked back at me, standing alone, and with sad face and reluctant step disappeared from my

sight. This dream awoke me ; I was feeling very unhappy, and could not sleep again. I was up very early, and went out upon the piazza. I was not there long before Annie Belle joined me. She was not looking happy either. I told her my dream. She looked frightened, and said that she had had an ugly dream too, — about me being on one side of a dark, swiftly flowing river, and she was on the other side, and there was no boat, nor other means of crossing the river. We stood there looking at each other, and the river grew wider and wider, until we faded away from each other's sight. We were both greatly troubled about these dreams, and were not disposed to converse much, but walked the piazza arm-in-arm, in sad and silent meditation, until breakfast was announced. We told our dreams to Miss Lee, and sought consolation from her. She assured us that the contrary of dreams always came to pass. This lifted the load from our young hearts, and we were happy once more. Annie Belle assisted me in packing my things, and when my brother came I was all ready. On taking leave of the family, the ladies all kissed me, and asked me to come and see them often, as Annie

Belle would be quite lonely without me. O! what good and kind people they are. I wish the war was over. I had quite a reception at camp, as I had been absent about one month. The officers all greeted me very warmly, and the soldiers gave three cheers for the "little bugler" and kind Mrs. Graves, who had nursed him so well. Our cook had prepared a nice dinner for me, and was disappointed that I ate so little. My brother seemed to understand why I had no appetite, and proposed that I should ride out with him and view the picket lines. He thought thus to divert my mind from "Chestnut Hill." It is believed that our army will not remain here much longer, and that there is soon to be a general advance of the entire army. I suppose I must make my mind up to a separation from "Chestnut Hill," Annie Belle, and all the good, kind people there; but we are going to write very often, and when the war is over, and I grow up to be a man — But I guess I shall not write down here what I intend to do, for fear that some one might read it, and then I would be laughed at. But I mean to do it all the same, if I don't write it down.

The diary ends here, and I will continue my narrative where the diary leaves it. My illness had prevented me from practising upon my bugle, and I found that it was quite difficult for me to blow the ordinary camp-calls. There was, of course, another bugler, who blew all the calls in my absence. He was a German, about thirty-five years old, and had seen service in the "German Revolution." He was the first bugler of our battalion, a good musician, and gave me lessons on the bugle whenever I was able to take them. I spent the most of Tuesday practising under his direction. In order not to annoy the camp, we went some distance away and climbed down under the banks of the river, and the soldiers were thus spared the very disagreeable noise of bugle-practice. My teacher appointed regular hours for each day, and my brother was as strict in making me attend to those hours as any mother is in requiring her daughter to attend to piano-practice. Almost two days and nights had passed since I left "Chestnut Hill," and it really seemed a very long time. I mounted my horse on Wednesday morning, and headed him in the direction of the elegant old mansion where we had

both been so kindly cared for during my illness. My horse seemed to understand where I was expecting him to carry me, and went forward as though he anticipated as much pleasure in the visit as myself. I took my bugle along with me. Annie Belle had never seen it, and wanted to hear me blow upon it. I permitted my horse to choose his own gait — which was not a dog-trot, by any means — until we got to the lane leading up to the house ; I then blew two or three shrill calls upon my bugle, and putting spurs to my horse, went dashing up to the house in a sweeping gallop. Miss Lee and Annie Belle came out upon the piazza when they heard the sound of the bugle, and Annie Belle ran down to the gate to meet me, as I dismounted and gave my horse to the colored man. The horse seemed as much pleased to get back to “ Chestnut Hill ” as I was. On entering the barn-yard he gave a loud neigh, which was intended as a familiar salute to the thoroughbreds. Annie Belle asked me to blow again upon my bugle. I did so, and this brought out all the family and servants, Aunt Coal and the sergeant included. The negros could be seen perched upon the fence and out-houses all the way

from the barn to the negro quarters. The donkey responded to my call, and gave us a most doleful blast, which, in contrast to my bugle, sounded so ludicrously melancholy that it set us all laughing. The sergeant was irreverent enough to propose a duet between my bugle and the donkey. I indignantly declined. We all went into the house in good spirits, and Miss Lee sat down to the piano and sang "Then You'll Remember Me," as I had never heard her sing before. Annie Belle said it seemed a week since I had left "Chestnut Hill." I replied that I was very glad my absence was so much noticed by her, but I hoped the time would not hang heavily upon her. She had something for me, she said, which I must not look at until I got back to the camp. I promised I would not, but I came near breaking this promise two or three times, as my curiosity, in this instance at least, was as strong as any woman's. I told her of the camp report that we were to leave our present quarters soon and advance upon Bowling Green. My visit was most delightful in every way, and I was returning to the camp in fine spirits, when, as I drew near, I noticed an unusual stir among the teamsters. I put spurs to my horse, and inquired of the first soldier I

came upon, what this bustle and general activity in the camp meant. He answered that he supposed we were "going to move camp," as orders had been given them to have their wagons "ready for the road by five o'clock on to-morrow morning." This excited me. My horse responded to my spurs again, and I was soon at my brother's tent, and eagerly asked of the first person I saw if the army had received marching orders. The reply came in a cold, military voice, that almost chilled me through, "This army moves forward at six o'clock on to-morrow morning." This was spoken by one of the general's staff, an officer who had been educated at West Point, and who always talked and acted in the most formal and military manner. He was not a favorite of mine, and it seemed that he knew his answer would give me pain, and on that account took a grim delight in what he said. I asked for my brother, and he replied that "Major Monroe is at present in consultation with the general at headquarters, and cannot be seen." I could not endure to remain longer with this military machine. I rushed out of the tent, on the lookout for some congenial spirit. I caught sight of the genial face of our surgeon, as he was returning

from the hospital. He called out to me with a pleasant smile, and asked about the folks at "Chestnut Hill." He had visited me there several times during my illness. I went with him to his tent. He told me that the orders were simply to get ready for marching by six o'clock on the next morning, but camp rumor reported that the army was to advance upon Gen. Buckner, at Bowling Green, and engage him in battle. He added that "the camp rumor has no other foundation than the order to advance, and the fact that Buckner is in our front." His own opinion was that the army would advance to Green River, and there go into winter quarters. I found that my brother was of the same opinion. In fact, he almost stated it as something he knew. Of course, we decided at once to ride to "Chestnut Hill" that evening and bid the good people good-bye. They were a little surprised to see us, as I had left them but a few hours before. They were all sorry that we were to leave so soon. Annie Belle and I went into the library, that we might have a little time to ourselves. We had some very earnest talk for a boy and girl, the nature of which I shall not mention; but I suppose the reader feels pretty certain what it was, without me being obliged to talk it right

out. It is not indelicate, however, for me to say that we promised that we would ever be true to each other, come what would, and we sealed this vow after the most approved fashion of somewhat older persons under similar circumstances. This sealing ceremony was prolonged a little beyond conventional usages, for some reason or other, and on looking up, who should we see smiling down upon us but the sergeant. He gave us a very formal military salute, called me a very gallant — with the accent plainly upon the last syllable — soldier, and said he was quite sure I would never disgrace my uniform if I confined my gallantry to encounters of that nature. We both blushed a little, I imagine. I did not see the face of either of us at the moment. The sergeant evidently felt that his presence was embarrassing to us. So he said that he would not disturb us further, but he knew a little song which he thought appropriate to the occasion, and with our permission he would sing a verse or two, and then retire to his “fort,” which was the name he gave to his chamber. We gave him our silent consent, and he sang, in rather a broken voice, the song called “The Girl I Left Behind Me,” and at the end of each verse he repeated the refrain, “O! the girl,

the girl, the pretty little girl, the girl I left behind me.” He then gave us a parting salute, and retired in good order to his “fort.” The family all took a tender leave of me, especially Miss Lee, who said that I need have no uneasiness about Annie Belle, for she would take the best of care of her, and report to me at once in case of any sickness or other trouble, and in every way see that my interests were properly looked after. This she said apart to Annie Belle and myself in a laughing manner. So I left my little sweetheart in the care of Miss Lee, with their arms around each other. We mounted our horses, and just as we were saying the last words of good-bye, the donkey set up a mournful braying, and our voices were lost in its dolorous echoes.



CHAPTER V.

On returning to the camp from "Chestnut Hill," I proceeded at once to examine the neatly done-up package which Annie Belle had given me. It contained a Bible and prayer-book, and a little case of court-plaster, with the inscription, "I heal all wounds save those of love," in large letters on the front. On the fly-leaf of the Bible and prayer-book was written, in the delicate hand of the giver, "From Annie Belle Lee to her friend George Monroe, December 12th, 1861." I still have the prayer-book and the court-plaster case. I have kept also, for remembrance sake, a little of the court-plaster. The Bible I kept until two years ago, when, in travelling from the West to New York, my pocket-book, containing my tickets and baggage-checks, was stolen; and with my trunk was lost the Bible that Annie Belle had given me. But to return to our story. I repeated one of the evening prayers from the service-book before going to bed, but it seemed too general for my special needs; so I framed a prayer

of my own, the burden of which was that no harm might ever come to Annie Belle, and that she might always be happy, and that we both might live to old age, and never cease to love each other. It was after midnight before I got to bed, and I was up early the next morning, as the camp was all astir before sun-up. We breakfasted about half-past five o'clock, and a little after six were ready for marching. But it takes a long time to get an army in motion, especially one made up of raw volunteers, who had never done any real marching before. As the sun came up, the camp looked very desolate and dreary. The tents were all taken down and put into wagons for transportation, and what were beautiful green meadows when the army first encamped, was now a seared and blackened waste, with no verdure, and not even the shadow of a fence for an enclosure. The banks of the river were broken and marred, and its waters were dark and murky. The whole scene was that of desolation, and I pitied most sincerely the people whose homes had been so ruthlessly despoiled by our army. As I sat on my horse awaiting orders, I gazed toward the uplands, and could just see the smoke curling from

the stately chimneys of "Chestnut Hill." I wondered if Annie Belle was sleeping; and then I thought again, and felt quite sure that she must be up and watching the movements of the army. To my left, and near the river, a long train of wagons drawn by mules and loaded with the camp-baggage and general supplies for the army are just pulling out on the turnpike. The drivers are shouting and whipping; the roll of the drums and the shrill notes of the bugle are calling the soldiers into line; orderlies are galloping hither and thither, carrying orders from the general-in-chief to his various subordinate officers. At last the soldiers are all in line, and there sounds out from the chief bugler a clear note of command, which means "forward." This is repeated by all the other bugles, my own joining in the chorus; the drums take it up, and it goes forward from colonel to captain, until every soldier in the entire army has heard the word "forward." There is a general movement all along the line, and the bands strike up "Hail Columbia," "The Red, White, and Blue," "Yankee Doodle," etc.; and the army moves forward, with waving banners and cheer upon cheer from the soldiers. There is something

truly grand in the appearance of an army ready for battle. It is a sight, also, to inspire one with courage. The cheering of the soldiers, the waving of the flags, and the lively strains of the numerous bands all united to drive away the gloom that was settling down upon me, and I found myself feeling quite cheerful, considering what I was leaving behind. We were with the commanding general, and did not move until the army had been some time upon the road. We soon overtook it, and as we went forward the lines opened and we rode through, greeted with hearty cheers from the soldiers. We were soon at the head, and kept that position until we pitched our tents, at four o'clock in the afternoon, near the village of Mumfordsville, on the banks of Green River. It was nightfall before the entire army reached this camping-place, having marched a distance of something more than twenty-five miles. We encountered no enemy, as his outposts were beyond the river.

A very strange and particularly sad accident occurred during the march, which I will relate. There were in one of the Indiana regiments twin brothers, who had always been together, partici-

pating in each other's joys and sharing each other's sorrows. One never did anything of any consequence without consulting the other. When they enlisted in the army, it was after talking the matter over between themselves, and both agreeing. Their devotion to each other was very marked, and yet they were so manly withal as to disarm ridicule, and they were esteemed by all their comrades for their soldierly bearing. The army halted about noon for refreshments, and these brothers went to a spring hard by for water. One of them was kneeling down to fill his canteen from the spring, when his bayonet-strap caught the hammer of his musket and discharged its cartridge. His brother was standing just in his rear, and the ball entered his mouth and passed through his head, killing him almost instantly. The grief of the surviving brother was most piteous to behold, and many a stout-hearted soldier dropped a tear into the grave of the "twin brother."

As I have stated, the enemy's outposts were beyond the river; but as this river could be ordinarily crossed by horses, there was a constant liability of collision between the pickets and the reconnoiter-

ing parties from the hostile armies. This nearness to the enemy and liability of contact with him kept the camp constantly on the alert, and it was altogether more exciting than in our previous quarters. All kinds of rumors were flying through the camp, to the same general effect,—that a battle was imminent. One report had it that Buckner was going to cross the river about ten miles above, and attack us; another rumor had it that our army was to cross the river at the point of our present encampment, and engage Buckner in battle. Nothing, however, in these rumors could be traced to authentic sources; but still they multiplied, to my utter confusion and demoralization. For one moment I was expecting an attack upon our camp, and the next I was called upon to screw my courage up for an assault upon the enemy; and thus I was constantly vacillating between an attitude of defence and one of attack, until the distinction between my offensive and defensive poise of mind gradually faded away, and I became completely unstrung. But it was the general belief among all that an engagement between the armies would soon take place in some way. I therefore thought that I

would defer writing to Annie Belle until after the battle, and then I would have something exciting to relate. This excitement came on the third night after our encampment upon Green River. I had just returned from a tent where some officers and private soldiers who had seen service in the three-months' campaign were relating incidents of battles in which they fought. It was past ten o'clock; the bugles had sounded the signal for retiring, and I had just succeeded in tucking myself "in my little bed," and was preparing to dream of "Chestnut Hill," and the image of a little girl was in my mind to give direction to my fancy, when all at once I concluded that I did not want to sleep, and had no disposition to dream, and I believe that a half-dozen bottles of "grandma's soothing-syrup" could not have provoked a single nod; I was, in fact, thoroughly awake. How I extricated myself from the entanglements of my little bed I do not now remember, but the first thing I did was to present myself before my brother's tent, without my usual amount of wearing apparel; and the first word that ever dampened my patriotic ardor was a command which came from my brother, in rather a stern and

martial voice, — something like the tones of the military machine referred to. When I had fully interpreted this command, it signified that I was to return to my tent, dress myself, and report to him on horseback, with my bugle and side-arms. He then mounted his horse, which his body-servant had just brought up in front of his tent, and began to caution the soldiers to be cool and attentive to orders ; their bravery, he said, he confidently relied upon. In the meantime I was endeavoring to carry out his orders to me. But it did seem to me that my brother was mighty authoritative all at once, and he talked to me as though I was obliged to do what he commanded. Well, I suppose I was ; but his stern voice struck me as being just a little out of place, considering that I was his brother. I reported, however, as he had commanded, — mounted, with bugle and side-arms. Looking back through the vista of eighteen years at myself, as I sat that night upon my little horse, I am of the opinion that my toilet was not so elaborate as it might have been under other circumstances. I am sure that I would hesitate long before presenting myself in a parlor to a company of ladies without more care than was

given to my dress on that memorable night. During all this while the pickets were keeping up a continual fire, and the "long roll" was sounding upon almost a hundred drums. The clatter of all these drums, which sounded very much like the rattle of musketry, made me think that a hand-to-hand conflict was raging in the midst of the camp. I had not long to speculate, however, for my brother, after some effort to get my attention, laid his hand heavily upon my shoulder and ordered me, in the same peremptory tone of voice, to blow a certain call, which signified to the soldiers that they were to form in line and get ready for action. I endeavored, in the true spirit of a soldier, to obey my superior officer, but I could not pump up wind enough. My brother remonstrated with me upon the hazard attending delay; but still the sound was not forthcoming. The mouth of the bugle did not seem to fit my lips; I could not get it to stay where I put it; it seemed excited, and shook very much. I was myself a little confused about the distinction between the different calls, and in the confusion of the moment, and without intending it, I blew the "sick call." This was a most ludicrous and mor-

tifying mistake. But my brother was not in a trifling mood, and was disposed to make me responsible for the waywardness of my bugle. He seemed thoroughly displeased, if not disgusted, with my uncanny appearance and want of soldierly conduct, and he insinuated that I was not much of a soldier after all. This put me on my metal. I had by this time learned that the enemy was not at least within sword-thrust. So I told him that I wa-wa-wasn't af-af-raid, bu-but something wa-was the matter with my bugle. I took hold of it again with a firmer grip, and with one tremendous effort blew the proper call. Of course, the other buglers were doing their duty all the time. Our battalion formed in line, and away we went at a sweeping gallop down the pike road, in the direction of the enemy. After charging for about two miles and a half, we came to a halt, and formed a line of battle by the roadside, behind a stone fence. An officer rode down the line, cautioning the soldiers to remain as still as possible, and not to fire in any event until further orders were given. We had not waited long until we distinctly heard the tread of approaching footmen. Tramp, tramp, tramp; and still they ad-

vanced. Now, I was alarmed lest our “boys,” as the soldiers were called, should be taken at a disadvantage, and believing that the officers were not using proper precaution, and not stopping to question my right of command, I sang out at the top of my voice, “Cock your pistols, boys; they are coming.” But the enemy did not come. The affair proved to be a false alarm, gotten up by the general in command, with a few other officers, to test the courage of the army; but I never heard the last of “cock your pistols, boys.” I wrote a full account of this affair to Annie Belle, omitting, of course, any details which might reflect discredit upon my own martial dignity. Before sending this letter, however, we had a battle that proved to be no sham, as the killed and wounded testified. As this was the first real battle that I witnessed, I will give a brief account of it:—

The exact position of the enemy was not known. It was supposed that his headquarters were at Bowling Green, a distance of more than two days’ march from our camp. It was also reported that Buckner’s advanced line was but a few miles beyond the river, and that he was prepared to dispute the

further advance of our army. In order to find out what truth there was in this report, and at the same time to ascertain something about the surface of the country through which our army hoped to advance, it was determined to send forward a detachment for these purposes. An Indiana regiment was selected for this enterprise. It was commanded by a colonel who had seen service in the German Revolution. Two officers not belonging to this regiment were selected by the general to accompany this expedition. My brother was one of these officers. After much special pleading, I was permitted to go with him. I wished to have all the exciting events I could get, to enliven my correspondence with Annie Belle. The regiment crossed the river in companies, by means of a ferry-boat which was worked by hand. We crossed with the first company, and after three or four others had joined us we began the advance, expecting soon to be reinforced by the remaining portion of the regiment. We had advanced but a short distance when we came upon the enemy's outposts. These pickets fired and immediately fell back. Our battalion pushed on pretty vigorously, and was suddenly confronted by more

than three times our number. An engagement began at once. My brother had no command, as he was merely sent, or went, to observe the manner in which the officers handled their troops and to witness the bearing of the soldiers in action. He could best accomplish his mission by taking no part in the conflict, and by occupying a place of comparative safety. He and his fellow-officer, together with several others who had volunteered to accompany this expedition, separated themselves from the line of battle and took a position on the right, where they had a good view of the engagement. I was among this number, and was prepared at a moment's notice to beat a hasty retreat to the bank of the river. In fact, I believe that at the very beginning I headed my horse in the direction of the river, for I felt pretty sure that a retreat would be certain, sooner or later. But it was astonishing to witness the stubborn resistance that our troops made to these superior numbers. When they were compelled to retreat, they did it reluctantly and in good order, firing as they slowly fell back towards the river. They were, however, soon reinforced by the remainder of the regiment, which came forward on

the double-quick, were soon in line, and gave a sudden check to the advance of the enemy. The fighting was now renewed with twofold vigor, as the numbers were nearer equal. Suddenly there was heard a shout from the left of the enemy's line, and on looking in that direction we saw a column of horsemen moving down upon our flank. This caused us spectators to change our position, for these troopers were bearing down right upon us. We quickly sought the rear, which was considered a better place for our observations. The German colonel was equal to the emergency. He quickly formed his men into a hollow square with four fronts, so that he really had no rear nor flank. On came the cavalry, yelling like madmen; but this did not seem to terrify the "Hoosier boys." They stood up to the work in a most determined way, and the dashing troopers were compelled to pause a little in their mad career. But on they came again, — and again they halted. This advance and retreat of the cavalry was repeated three distinct times, and still the "Hoosiers" held their ground, until at last the enemy withdrew, and our troops were permitted to take up their dead and wounded and retire in good

order to the banks of the river, where they were under the protection of our cannon, planted on the opposite side. I had seen a real, and as the Southern negroes say, a “sure enough” battle, and I was not scared nearly so bad as I had been on the night of the false alarm. There was something so exciting, so really fascinating, about the charge and the repulse, the rattle of the musketry, the boom of the cannon, the flash of the sabres, and the shouts of the soldiers, that one almost forgot for the time that at every peal of the cannon and every discharge of the musketry, brave men on both sides were falling, gasping, and dying. The colonel had handled his regiment superbly, and the soldiers had all behaved with a cool bravery which would have done credit to veterans of a dozen campaigns. The enemy had fought with equal bravery. The cavalry were very daring; three times did they spur their horses against the firm steel of the “Hoosier” bayonets. This preliminary engagement convinced both armies that they had a foe to contend with which was in every way their equal. I gave an account of this battle in my letter to Annie Belle. My brother was better pleased with my conduct on this occasion

than he had been at the time of the midnight charge and the false alarm. He told me that I might make a soldier after all.

Nothing particular occurred for the next fortnight. I received in the meantime a letter with the following address: "George Monroe, the Little Bugler, in care of Major Monroe, Headquarters Centre Division of the Army of Kentucky." This, you see, was a very lengthy address, and covered almost the entire envelope, but it was all necessary to insure its safe carriage and delivery. I shall insert an extract from this letter: "Yes, you were right in thinking that I was up very early that morning you all left the camp, and watching the movements of the army. Aunt Josie [Miss Lee] slept with me that night, and talked me to sleep. She said a great many nice things about you, and I know she likes you very much. She is just as lonely as she can be. I awoke in the morning about four or five o'clock, and could just hear the notes of the bugles and the sound of the drums from the camp. I imagined that I could hear your bugle distinct from the others, and it seemed to say 'Good-bye, Annie Belle,—good-bye, Annie Belle.' I sat for a long time looking out of the window, and could see the fires as they blazed up

all over the camp. The sight was very beautiful ; and Aunt Josie got up also. She said that it was as solemn as it was beautiful, for this army would soon be carrying the work of death and destruction into many a happy Southern home. We sat looking out of the window until the sun came up. The tents were all gone and the camp was entirely deserted, and I am sure I felt very desolate. We could just see the army as it formed in line and marched away. Oh, what a dreadful thing war is ! I pray every night that it may cease, and that all the people, North and South, may be friends again. It is perfectly awful to think of your brother and Uncle Will being on opposite sides and fighting against each other. I know they would like each other if they could know each other. Oh, I should think you would be awfully scared to be waked out of your sleep in the night, expecting every moment to be shot. I wouldn't stay in the army if I were you, for your brother said you need not stay if you did not want to. But boys are not a bit like girls ; they seem to like anything that is dangerous. I am glad that it was a ' false alarm,' but I would have been just as much frightened as if it had been a real battle ; but the real battle did come. Oh, how awful it must

be to see poor soldiers shot right down before your eyes. I am so afraid that you will get hurt. Your brother said that you need not go into the battle, and I wish you would not. If you were to get hurt, you would have to lay in the tent with the other soldiers, and have no one but the rough men nurses to take care of you. I send you a piece of my new dress, and also of Aunt Josie's. The sergeant and Aunt Coal send their love to you. You spoke about the donkey: it is as gloomy-looking as ever, and frequently gives us one of its doleful sounds. They all send love to you and your brother. Aunt Josie says for me to tell you that she is taking good care of me for you. We are expecting a letter from Uncle Will [Capt. Graves] giving an account of the battle you wrote about, as his regiment was engaged in it."



CHAPTER VI.

The army remained in camp on Green River until about the middle of February, when a general advance was made upon Bowling Green. Buckner, with about half of his army, had gone to Fort Donelson to reinforce Gens. Floyd and Pillow. This fort was threatened with an attack from Gen. Grant, who had just taken Fort Henry. This division of Buckner's army reduced the defence of Bowling Green to about fourteen thousand soldiers, who were unable to withstand an army of thirty thousand strong. Our army therefore occupied Bowling Green, after but a slight resistance by the now weakened enemy. On the march to Bowling Green we passed the Mammoth Cave, which I explored in company with my brother. But I shall not weary the reader with a description of this wonderful cave, as it is in no way essential to my story, and if I were to narrate all the events that were more or less exciting, my story, I fear, would be too long drawn out. Our army made but a short pause at

Bowling Green, and passed on toward Nashville. One division was sent to aid Gen. Grant in his attack upon Fort Donelson, but it arrived too late to be of any assistance, as the battle had been fought, the victory won, and Gen. Buckner with about thirteen thousand of his brave men were prisoners of war. Gens. Pillow and Floyd had run away, and left the brave Buckner to surrender the fort. The fall of Forts Henry and Donelson left Nashville with little defence, and it surrendered without any show of resistance, and our army marched in triumph through its streets. The news of the fall of Fort Donelson reached Nashville on Sunday morning; many of the people were at church, when suddenly messengers entered the various places of worship, and in the midst of the services shouted aloud that "Fort Donelson had surrendered, and the Yankee army would soon be in possession of the city." This was truly a sad hour for the people of Nashville. But a short time before they had sent forth the brave and handsome Zollicoffer, with a valiant and hopeful army of Tennessee's best blood. It was confidently expected that this army would soon drive the Yankees beyond

the Ohio River and carry the war into the homes of their enemy. But within a few short weeks after his going forth, their gallant Gen. Zollicoffer's dead body was borne through the streets which he had so recently trod with bright expectations of speedy victory. His beautiful daughters were broken-hearted, and the entire city was now wrapped in the heavy weeds of mourning, for with their beloved general, and at Fort Donelson, had fallen hundreds of the brave sons of Tennessee. Mothers, wives, and maidens wept the loss of loved ones, and "would not be comforted, because they were not." Misfortunes had come upon them with rapid strides, from the death of Gen. Zollicoffer, the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, until now they beheld the army which had defeated their brave sons marching in triumph through the streets that had but a short time before resounded to the hopeful tread of their own valiant army. The sorrow which enveloped this city made me also feel sick at heart, for I thought of the good and beautiful Miss Lee, and feared that her lover, Capt. Graves, might be among the killed or wounded. We can all forgive the Southern women for the intense hatred with

which they looked upon our soldiers, when we remember that they saw in the national army the slayers of their husbands, their brothers, and their lovers, and the despoilers of their homes,—in a word, the destroyers of all they held dear. On the approach of our army to the city, the bridges were burned and all the public stores were thrown open to the people. Valuables of all kinds were hurried away in the direction of the retreating army. Few of the male population remained in the city, and the majority of those who did were old men and boys unable to do military duty. While in Nashville, my brother and I had apartments in a private house that had been deserted by its owner. We took our meals at the St. Cloud Hotel, where many of the officers boarded. One day a tall, awkward-looking countryman came into the dining-room with one of the generals, and sat with him at our table. The countryman said that he lived about fifteen miles in the country, towards Murfreesboro. He heard that the Union army had taken Nashville, and he told his wife that he felt he ought to do something towards helping the Union cause along; so he yoked his oxen, and had brought a wagon-load

of breadstuffs for the army. He said that it wasn't much to give, but it was all he had. The "widow's mite" was mentioned by some one, but the countryman was very modest, and said he hardly thought the cases parallel. But the other speaker insisted that his gift was truly the "widow's mite." I was greatly interested in all he said, for he was quite a handsome man, with remarkably fine eyes; and he asked me several questions about myself. After dinner he went with one of the officers to his tent, and told him if he would send out a body of cavalry to where he would direct, that they could capture a company of rebels who belonged to John Morgan's command. The soldiers were sent the next day, and were promptly met by this countryman, but in the uniform of a Confederate officer and at the head of a fine body of cavalry. Our soldiers were all made prisoners by this friendly countryman, who proved to be no less a person than John Morgan himself. This Gen. Morgan became very famous during the war as a bold rider and daring raider. He was the only Southern officer who led a force beyond the Ohio River. In going to and from our hotel, we passed a handsome dwelling, which

had the "air of aristocratic age" about it, and we occasionally saw pretty female faces at the windows, which indicated that it was occupied by a family. One bright morning I was returning alone from the hotel, when I was approached by a negro woman in front of this residence. After an obsequious bow, the woman presented a card, upon which was written the following, "Mrs. Gaines would be glad to see the soldier-boy at her residence, as she wishes to have a talk with him. Will he please tell the bearer when he can call?" I tore a leaf from my notebook and wrote, "I am very much obliged to Mrs. Gaines for her kind courtesy, and shall be glad to call this evening at eight o'clock. Very sincerely, George Monroe, bugler." I was pleased with the idea that I was to extend my acquaintance among the Southern ladies, as I was so much delighted with those I had already seen. I presented my card at the appointed time, and was greeted in the hearty manner so characteristic of the Southern people. But in spite of their efforts to be cheerful, their deep sorrow was plainly visible. Mrs. Gaines thanked me for calling. She then stated why she had wished to talk with me. Since the entrance

of the Northern army into the city, she and her daughters had remained constantly in-doors. They had expected at first to be driven from their homes ! but they had suffered no violence nor insult whatever, and they began to feel that they were not going to be molested in any way. This made her think better of the Northern army ; but still she knew nothing about the army, save that its good conduct thus far had taken away much of the bitterness with which they had at first regarded the Federal soldiers. She was ignorant as to what the general in command intended to do with the private property in the city. They had often seen me pass the house in company with an officer, and they thought I might be able to tell them something about Northern prisoners, as her only son had been captured at Fort Donelson. They were also a little curious to know what a boy of my age could do in the army. They were very anxious to learn what kind of treatment Southern prisoners received in the North. I assured her that her son would receive such treatment at the hands of the Northern people as was due to an honorable prisoner of war. I said also that the general in command at Nash-

ville had issued a proclamation, in which he stated that all private property would be protected. After this the conversation became more general, in which the young ladies took part. They asked me many questions about my home and friends, and how I liked the camp life. These questions were asked in the kindest manner; not from mere curiosity, as I could plainly see, but from a real interest in me. I answered them without any reserve, and our conversation throughout was frank and earnest. They all felt, I am sure, that I was truly in sympathy with them, without me telling them so; but I did not betray the secret of this sympathy: I merely said that some friends of mine had dear friends in Gen. Buckner's army, and that I was concerned about their safety. I repeated the lesson that Miss Lee had taught Annie Belle and me, viz.: that our circumstances usually determine our opinions and sympathies. They all assented to this; but Mrs. Gaines added, that while this was true, our opinions and sympathies were none the less powerful in directing our actions and inspiring our lives. I spent more than an hour with this family, and on leaving, was cordially invited to visit them as often

as I felt inclined. There were four in the family, — Mrs. Gaines, her two daughters, and a little granddaughter about nine years old. The elder of the young ladies was about twenty, and the younger about eighteen. Neither of them was in any sense plain-looking, and the younger was really a very beautiful brunette, with large brown eyes, that could easily play the mischief with a fellow's heart "if he were not well protected by the shield of some other woman's love." (This quotation, it will be remembered, is the language of my brother.) I sat for my picture the next day. I sent two of them home, one to "Chestnut Hill," and intended to give one to Mrs. Gaines if she should ask me for it. That night we received marching orders, and I had time but for only a short call the next day at Mrs. Gaines's. I did not wait to be asked for my picture, as I had intended, but offered it outright to the prettier of the young ladies, and asked for her's in exchange. She received my picture with some show of pleasure, and said she would gladly give me her's if I would promise not to let any of the soldiers see it except my brother. I promised, and have the picture yet. We were at Nashville about

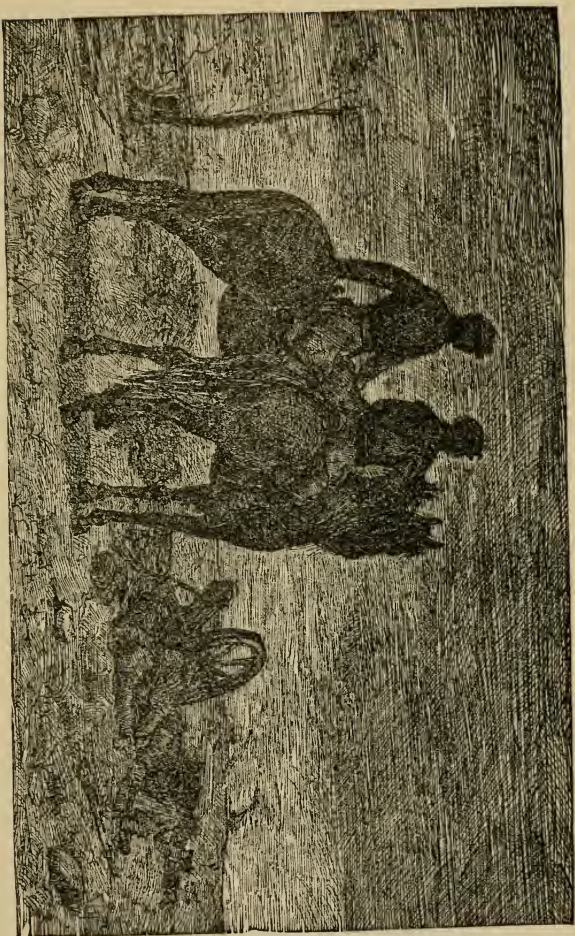
a month ; during that time I wrote to Annie Belle, and received a letter from her, weekly. Her last was a very sad one, as the following extract from it will show : “ We have just received a letter from Uncle Will. He is wounded and a prisoner. Poor Aunt Josie cannot sleep nor eat, and grandma is not able to leave her bed. I have not had one real happy day since you left, and I don’t believe that I can have another so long as the dreadful war lasts ; for when the Northern army is victorious I grieve for grandpa and my uncles, and when the Southern army gains a victory I grieve for you and your brother.” Poor little girl ! her lot was certainly a sad one.

The enemy was getting together a large army at Corinth, in Northern Mississippi, under the direct supervision of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, the commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies. Corinth was therefore made the objective point of Grant’s and Buell’s armies, which were to form a junction at Savannah, Tennessee, before moving upon the enemy. Gen. Negley was left in command of Nashville with a strong garrison, while the main body of Buell’s army, consisting of five

divisions, took up its march for Savannah, by way of Columbia. These divisions were commanded by Gens. Thomas, McCook, Nelson, Crittenden, and Wood. We left Nashville on the 28th of March, and I was in the saddle about ten hours each day for eight successive days. The weather was fine, we had plenty of provisions, and the soldiers were in the best of spirits. On the eighth day of our march, which was Saturday, April 5th, the army bivouacked within about fifteen miles of Savannah. It was the intention, I believe, to give the army a Sabbath day's rest, as no immediate battle was expected. But early on Sunday morning, before the "reveille" had been sounded, cannonading was distinctly heard in the direction of Grant's army, which was encamped a few miles below Savannah, upon the opposite side of the Tennessee River. Orders were at once given for a forward march, and in a short time the whole army was in motion. Gen. Buell and staff hurried to Savannah to see Gen. Grant, but Gen. Grant had gone to the battle-field, about eight miles away. As we approached nearer and nearer, the roll of cannon and the rattle of musketry gave unmistakable

evidence that a terrific battle was raging. Our division reached the bank of the river opposite the battle-ground late in the afternoon. One could see at a glance that the situation of Grant's army was most perilous. It had been surprised and driven at every point, and its total destruction seemed certain without immediate reinforcements. This Buell's army brought; but it was not an inspiring sight to our soldiers to behold Grant's army beaten and shattered, and a victorious and confident enemy to meet them. Nelson's and Crittenden's divisions reached the battle-field and got ready for action on Sunday afternoon; McCook and the remainder of Buell's army came up and crossed during the night, and in the morning his entire army was in line of battle, ready to give the confident foe a warm reception. But I shall not attempt to give an account of the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing. Everybody knows what a terrible battle it was, and how Buell's timely arrival saved the day to the national cause. I will, however, give the "little bugler's" personal experience in this great battle. We crossed the river about five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and took our position in the left of

Buell's line of battle. I did not sleep one wink that night, for we were right on the battle-field, with the dead and wounded lying all about us. I knew that another terrible battle would be fought on the morrow, and I hardly dared to hope that myself and brother would both escape unharmed. My brother said that it was not at all necessary for me to expose myself in battle, and he asked me to ride a short distance to the rear and remain under the protection of the gunboats. He was always very kind and gentle towards me, but his words were unusually tender that night, as we sat there on our horses, with the dead and wounded lying on either hand. I said that I wanted to be with him. He replied that it would distress him very much if I did not promise to remain where he had directed. I promised. We then talked about home, and he said that if any serious accident happened to him I would get a permit to go home at once, and he made me promise that I would do so. He said that I must in that event remain with our mother, and do all in my power to comfort her. He gave me some other good counsel, and was then called away to his post of duty. On leaving me, his last words were, "Be



"NIGHT ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF SHILOH"

a brave, true boy, and you will grow up to be a good and useful man, and all things will go well with you.” Oh! the sadness that filled my young heart as I sat there awaiting the coming of morning, that would bring with it a terrible battle, in which my brother’s life was to be exposed. The engagement began before sunrise, and in a short time the whole line—four or five miles long—was sending forth missiles of destruction and death. I watched with great anxiety that part of the line where I knew my brother was. It began to advance slowly, and I could hear the soldiers cheering as they pushed the enemy steadily before them. They pressed on and on, until the advance became general all along the line. The fighting was most terrific, and the wounded were being brought to the rear in great numbers. Among the wounded officers I saw one whom I knew, and inquired if he knew anything of my brother. He replied that “Major Monroe had borne himself most bravely, but”—and he hesitated, either from pain caused by his wound, or from an unwillingness to be the bearer of sad news; I for the moment did not know which. I did not urge him in words, but my steadfast and eager

look into his face showed too plainly my feelings of alarm. "My dear boy," he continued, "your brave brother is, I hope, unharmed; but just before I received my wound I saw his horse fall under him as he was leading his command forward; that is all I am able to report." At this moment loud cheers from our centre-lines indicated that the enemy was being driven also at that point, and soon the news came pouring in from all directions that the day was ours. I had been with the army long enough to know the colors of the several divisions, so I started out in search of my brother. I knew that he was on the left of Buell's line, so I rode in that direction. I passed over the ground where the battle had been most severe. It was a terrible and heart-rending sight. The ground was literally strewn with the dead and wounded. As I rode on, some of the wounded recognized the "little bugler," and called out for help. One poor fellow whom I knew quite well, and who had lost a leg, gave me a feeble cheer as I approached him, and said that the "Johnnies" were skedaddling, and that Buell's boys had gained the day(?) I asked if he knew anything about my brother. He replied that he did not, but

supposed that he was after the "Johnnies." A comrade had bound a handkerchief about this poor fellow's leg, and supplied him with a canteen of water; so that he was pretty well cared for. He said that he was all right, and could remain where he was for twenty-four hours if necessary. The din of battle had almost ceased by this time, and our troops had retaken all of the ground lost on Sunday. I urged my horse forward, and was soon upon the line of battle; but the battle was now over and the enemy had retreated. The soldiers of our division all knew me, and cheered me lustily as I passed along the line. They of course supposed that I had been in the battle. I saw a group of officers talking together, and rode directly to where they were, when one of them came out to meet me; it was my brother. I did not recognize him at first, as he had exchanged his cap for a broad-brimmed hat, and was mounted upon a bay instead of his black charger. I said that I had kept my promise until the danger was over. He did not rebuke me, but seemed glad to see me, and said, "George, we have won a glorious, though a dearly bought victory. It is a terrible thing for a boy of your age to witness

this slaughter, and I trust it will not blunt your tender sensibilities." Many officers and private soldiers whom I knew, were among the killed and wounded. One of my brother's classmates, an officer of whom I was particularly fond, was shot down at my brother's side. He was a gentle, kind-hearted man, and his death was felt very much by his comrades. My brother's horse had been killed, as the wounded officer reported; a ball had also passed through his coat, just under his left arm, but he had escaped without a scratch. My brother sent a telegraphic message home the next day reporting our safety, as he knew our friends would be anxious about us. Corinth fell within a few days, after some show of resistance. The Confederate army succeeded, however, in getting away. The Confederate general, A. S. Johnson, was killed in this battle, and his body fell into the hands of the national army. The Confederate army at the battle of Shiloh was remarkable as having been commanded by the most brilliant galaxy of Southern generals that ever met together on one battle-field. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson was the first in command, Beauregard second, and then came the names

of Gens. Bragg, Hardee, Breckenridge (recent vice-president of the United States), and Polk (Episcopal bishop), who had laid aside the "cassock" for the sword. I had now seen war in all of its terrors, and my curiosity was completely satisfied. I wished to be away from those scenes of blood and death. I was anxious to visit my home, as it had been six long months since I had seen my mother and sister. I thought it necessary to go through the form of applying for a "leave of absence," which was granted without any hesitation by the general in command.



CHAPTER VII.

I started northward about the 12th of April, on board of a hospital-boat loaded with wounded soldiers, and bound for Louisville, Kentucky. I knew that this boat, in going up the Ohio River, would pass by our old camping-place, and I determined to go ashore at that point and visit "Chestnut Hill," and continue my journey homeward by rail. The captain of the boat had strict orders to make no landing, except for coal and other necessary supplies. These orders were given from the fact that Kentucky was at that time overrun by raiding parties of Confederate cavalry, and the boats on the Ohio River were sometimes captured and burned. I could not, therefore, persuade the captain to land, but when we drew near our old camping-place he consented to send me ashore in a row-boat. My baggage was to be left for me at the Galt House, in Louisville. So I was put ashore at old "Camp Buell." But the scene was very different from what it had been. There I was, all alone,—no

tents, no camp-fires, no horses, no soldiers. It was the time for mounting the guard; but I heard no bugle-note, no roll of the drums, no military command. I sat down on a little mound near the place where my brother's tent had been, and fell to thinking of all that had happened since our army left that camp. Where were all those merry soldiers, whose laugh and song had so often rung out upon the evening air? Then I remembered the march, — the twin brothers, the false alarm, the first real battle, Fort Donelson, Nashville, the battle of Shiloh, — and my heart grew sick as the visions of the bloody battle-fields passed before me. My questioning was answered; hundreds of the brave fellows who once lay peacefully upon this, their first camping-ground, were now lying peacefully in soldiers' graves, far away from their homes and friends. The notes of the bugle, the roll of the drum, and the command of the officer were alike powerless to disturb their slumbers. They slept on, and I could say to each of them: —

“ Soldier, rest, thy warfare's o'er, —

Sleep the sleep that knows no waking;

• Dream of battle-fields no more, —

Days of danger, nights of waking.”

I was aroused from this reverie by a most melodious sound, which came floating along upon the quiet evening air. I stood up and looked around, and saw, coming down the road towards where I was standing, a company of slaves, old and young, male and female. They were returning from the day's work in the fields, and were all singing a negro melody, with the following chorus: "Oh, don't git weary, children; Oh, don't git weary, children; Oh, don't git weary, children, a huntin' fo' a home." They did not see me, but continued to sing until their voices were lost in the distance. The sun had set, but the sky was still red with its lingering rays. I turned my eyes towards the upland, and saw, or imagined I saw, a reflection of the last parting ray upon the observatory at "Chestnut Hill." I stepped out upon the highway and started towards the old mansion with a pretty quick motion. I was rapidly overcoming the distance, when a painful thought entered my mind. I had not heard from Annie Belle since our army left Nashville, and I had not written to her of my expected visit to "Chestnut Hill." My reason for not writing was a fear that I might be prevented, in some way, from making the visit, and

the disappointment to her would be very great. I was now troubled with the fear that they might all be away from home, as they had no reason whatever to expect me. I was considerably agitated by these painful thoughts, and sat down by the roadside to compose myself. But the suspense was unbearable, so I started forward again with no abatement of speed. I had gone but a short distance when I heard the rattle of a vehicle, and was soon overtaken by a two-horse road-wagon, driven by a colored man, who was very willing to "give me a lift." He carried me within a short distance of "Chestnut Hill." The twilight had faded away into darkness, and "all the air a silent stillness held," when I opened the gate and slowly made my way to the door. I ascended the steps and rang the bell. The door was soon opened, but I paused for a moment. There stood Aunt Coal, peering out into the darkness, which hid me from sight. She gazed a moment, and could just see the glimmer of my brass buttons. She stepped back into the hall with some alarm, and called out, "Who's da, — who's da, I say?" I emerged out of the darkness into the light. My action was rather sudden, and

startled the old woman; but in a moment she exclaimed, "De good Lo'd bless my soul, if it ain't Massa George, sho as I'm bo'n. Wha on de face ob de arth did you come from?" The delay of Aunt Coal in the hall had been observed by the family, who were at the supper-table. Two persons stepped out in the hall from the dining-room, where they heard the last part of Aunt Coal's exclamation. These persons were a young lady and a girl,—in other words, Miss Lee and Annie Belle. On seeing me, Annie Belle fainted away in Miss Lee's arms. This confusion brought Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Lee into the hall also. They could not at once comprehend the situation; they first looked at me and then at Annie Belle. The facts finally became plain to them, however, viz., that the "little bugler" was really there in the hall-way, and that Annie Belle had fainted. She was taken into the parlor, and soon revived. Her first words were, "Aunt Josie, did you see him,—did you see George? Oh! how pale he looked." I kept back so that she did not see me, and Miss Lee answered, "Yes, my dear, I saw George; he is looking quite well, I think. He has

come to see you. We have all seen him, and he is here in the parlor now.” “Where is he?” asked Annie Belle. “Why, here I am,” I said, advancing; “and I think you ought to give me a kiss for keeping me waiting so long for my reception.” The dear little girl looked up and blushed, and I did the bold thing, and kissed her right in the presence of them all. There was something so real about this that it at once convinced her of my actual presence. Miss Lee and the other ladies kissed me also, Miss Lee remarking that Annie Belle was rightfully entitled to the first, but she did not think her claims ought to extend to a monopoly. Annie Belle was fully awake by this time, and no longer doubted the evidence of her senses. But some one else had entered in the meantime, that caused a momentary shiver to pass through me. This person was a handsome young man of about twenty-five or six years; he wore a gray uniform, and carried his right arm in a sling. There we stood in the centre of the parlor looking at each other,—the gray and the blue, the man and the boy. The young officer advanced with a pleasant smile, and said, “Ah, this is the little bugler, I presume, of whom I have heard so many

pleasant things from all the family. You will excuse my right hand, I hope, as your army has rendered it unable for duty. I am right glad to see you, however, as I perceive that you are unarmed, and evidently don't mean to make an attack upon me." Saying this, he gave me a hearty greeting. He asked me if I had not been on a forced march; and turning to his mother, said, "This soldier, I think, needs as full rations as the state of the commissary will admit." Annie Belle came bounding up at this, and kissed her uncle, and said, "Oh, I knew you would like each other. Oh, I am so glad you are both here together."

Miss Lee in the meantime had not been unmindful of the supper. They all went back to the dining-room and sat down at the table with me. Annie Belle seemed very happy, and ran around the table kissing everybody save me and Aunt Coal. Miss Lee sat on one side of me and Capt. Graves — for that was the name of the young officer — on the other. Mrs. Lee and Annie Belle sat just opposite, and Mrs. Graves at the head of the table. Col. Graves was away from home. I was about to make inquiries about another member of the



"THE GRAY AND THE BLUE, THE MAN AND THE BOY STOOD FACE TO FACE."

family, when I heard the sound of a cane in the hall, and looking up, beheld the sergeant going through the manual of arms with his stick. He finally brought it to a "present arms," and then marched into the dining-room, took my hand in a very ceremonious manner, and stretching himself up and giving me a formal salute, he said : —

" Come you in peace,
Or come you in war,
Or come you in love,
My young Lochinvar?"

I blushed a little at this, and Capt. Graves said to the sergeant, " He evidently comes in peace, as you will observe he is unarmed ; and as to the other matter, I think we shall all agree that he has a perfect right to be silent, for the present at least." The sergeant added, " I think he brings with him terms of capitulation, if not for the entire Federal army, for himself at least ; and we," here he looked in the direction of Mrs. Lee and Annie Belle, " will no doubt accept his terms of surrender." He then produced his pipe, with a significant look at his tobacco-box, and marched out in the direction of his " fort." After supper we all returned to the parlor ;

but before taking you there with me, I must detain you a moment for a brief explanation. As I have said, I had not written to Annie Belle since leaving Nashville. Of course they had all heard about the great battle of Shiloh, and knew that the army I was with had been engaged in it. Annie Belle had been in great distress of mind about me, and my very sudden and altogether unexpected appearance in the hall made her think that she had seen an apparition, and hence her fainting away. Capt. Graves had been wounded and taken prisoner at Fort Donelson. He had been exchanged, and returned to his home but a few days before. We will now, after this slight detention, proceed into the parlor and have an evening of it. My brother had been asked about, and they all seemed glad of his safety. Miss Lee wanted me to tell them all about my experiences since the time I left "Chestnut Hill." I related everything, not forgetting my chance acquaintance with Mrs. Gaines's family. I also mentioned the friendly countryman, who proved to be the famous Morgan. Gen. Morgan's home was at Lexington, Kentucky, and Capt. Graves had seen him frequently, and was very much

amused at my story about him. They all laughed heartily when I told them about the false alarm, and about my command to "Cock your pistols, boys." I, in turn, asked Capt. Graves about his experiences. He had gone from Bowling Green to Fort Donelson with Gen. Buckner; had been wounded, and taken prisoner on the surrender of the fort. He was taken to Camp Morton, Indiana. He had been well treated, and his opinion of the Yankees had undergone quite a change; and this had probably affected the whole family. He asked me particularly about the battle of Shiloh; and after I had concluded, he said, "Yes, the battle of Fort Donelson convinced me that the Yankees were just as good soldiers as our own Southern boys, and I fear we shall have hard fighting to gain our cause, which I believe is a just one." Miss Lee looked very pretty and very happy. The beauty was nothing unusual to her, but her happiness I attributed somewhat to the presence of this handsome Confederate officer. Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Lee retired to their chambers soon after nine o'clock. I thought I could see that Capt. Graves and Miss Lee desired to be left to themselves, and I think that Annie Belle and I felt the

same way ; so we went into the library to look at a book that Annie Belle had received during my absence. I had reserved many things to tell her alone. She said that she had been so unhappy ever since the morning the army left Camp Buell. They had all been in great trouble about Uncle Will ; they had heard of his being wounded and captured, and hardly knew what to expect, until a few days since, when he had so unexpectedly come home. She said that she had dreamed about me the night before, and when she saw me in the hall, she thought that it was only a vision, and not my real self. She told me how things had gone at "Chestnut Hill." All the horses had been taken ; the majority of the negroes had run away, and the plantation was neglected and uncultivated. I remained at "Chestnut Hill" three days, and I can truly say that I never have experienced happier days, before or since. I was accompanied a part of the way to Louisville by Capt. Graves, Miss Lee, and Annie Belle. I reached home in two days after leaving "Chestnut Hill," and on the next day after my arrival I was given a reception party at the home of one of my school friends. If I had been a hero

before I went to the war, what was I now? Just think of a boy of my tender age, fresh from a terrible battle, where he had seen hundreds of dead and wounded, lying here and there and everywhere over an extent of miles. But I hope I carried myself with a modest bearing, and did not brag of my wonderful exploits. I called to see all my girl friends of "our set," and all the boys called to see me; so I was pretty busy for two or three weeks. I was a marked character. Every word I said was listened to, and I found that I could almost monopolize the conversation of any circle in which I chanced to find myself. I frequently mentioned "Chestnut Hill" in my conversations, but carefully avoided any reference to Annie Belle. And how natural this was. One usually talks least about what they love most. I think we have all observed that, in love as in religion, those who talk most are always the least sincere.

What a great change a few months can make in a girl. Jennie Fisk, with whom I used to play, and who was for a long time my most intimate friend, was no longer so attractive to me as she once had been. There was not only a change in her face, but there

was something about her manners and voice — a “*je ne sais qua*” — which, if it did not repel me, yet rendered us no longer congenial companions. We both plainly saw, without a word being spoken about it, that we could never more enjoy each other’s company as we had done in the past. We danced together frequently, and I made special efforts to be attentive to her ; but beneath it all there was that tacit understanding between us which rightly interpreted every word and act.

Let us take a look southward. The Confederate army had been divided after the battle of Shiloh, and Gen. Bragg’s army had given Buell the slip and was marching northward, with our army in pursuit. Buell soon concluded that he could not overtake Bragg ; so he took another road, with the hope of getting to the Ohio River in advance of him. Buell’s line of march was almost the same over which his army had passed in its southern advance. This countermarching was rather humiliating to our army, after the great victories of Donelson and Shiloh ; and my brother’s letters evinced a want of faith in the generalship of Buell. Our army, however, arrived at Louisville before Bragg, and succeeded in head-

ing him off and saving the city of Louisville from falling into the hands of the Confederates. Gen. Buell was now relieved from his command by Gen. Rosecrans. The army was reorganized, under the name of the "Army of the Cumberland," and started at once in pursuit of Bragg. Severe battles were fought at Bardstown and Perryville. At the latter place my brother received a flesh-wound, which was quite painful but not dangerous, and from which he soon recovered. Bragg retreated into Tennessee, and Rosecrans followed. Bragg came to a stand at Murfreesboro, and prepared for battle. Rosecrans encamped near by, and the two armies remained thus until about Christmas. I returned to the army near Murfreesboro on the 1st of December, having been absent several months. It was plain, from my long absence, that the army could get along without me. President Jefferson Davis visited Bragg at Murfreesboro, and he was given a grand reception. Gen. John Morgan, of whom I have several times spoken, was married during the president's visit, and Mr. Davis attended the wedding. Annie Belle's last letter informed me that Capt. Graves had returned to the army, and was with

Gen. Bragg ; so that we were now face to face in opposing armies. Col. Graves was going to close up "Chestnut Hill" and take his family to Savannah, Georgia. My next letter to Annie Belle was to be directed in care of Col. Christopher Graves, Savannah, Georgia. Camp rumor was to the effect that a battle was daily expected. Foraging parties from both armies were frequently coming in contact with each other. There had been some pretty brisk skirmishes, with considerable loss on both sides. I accompanied a large foraging party one day, and was thoroughly convinced that these excursions meant anything but pleasure-rides. We had passed over two or three miles on a gentle canter, when suddenly, at an abrupt turn in the road, we came face to face with a body of mounted infantry three times our number. Both parties were entirely surprised, and there was a momentary pause. Our body was the quickest in motion, however, and we were soon in line of battle, discharged our carbines, and were ordered to charge with pistols and sabres. Our commander — who was my brother — had taken in the situation at a glance, and acted without hesitation. Mounted infantry cannot

fight on horseback, and the quick movements of our men were to prevent the enemy from dismounting and forming a line. Our movements were entirely successful. The enemy were armed with long muskets, which they could not handle on horseback ; and the surprise was so sudden, and our attack followed so quickly, that they had little time for dismounting and forming a line. Those that did dismount were either killed or taken prisoner, and the others were completely routed. We had gained in about fifteen minutes a brilliant little victory, and I had for the first time the glory of taking part in a real battle. I had left my bugle at the camp, as the battalion was so small that the orders could be distinctly heard from the commander's lips ; and besides, the notes of the bugle might betray our position and movements to the enemy. I was armed as the other soldiers, with carbine, pistol, and sabre. In this engagement I used the carbine and pistol, but not the sabre. I do not think that I did very great execution upon the enemy. The discharge of the carbine almost unhorsed me, for it shot forward and kicked backward at the same time ; and its back action was so forcible as to wrench

it from my grasp, and I was only prevented from losing it by the strap to which it was attached, and which was securely buckled over my shoulder. When it came time to use my pistol, my whole mind was taken up with the thought of holding on to it, as it was not secured by a strap ; so I was very little occupied with bloody designs upon the foe. When the firing was over, I rode up to my brother with a vast deal of satisfaction, and announced that " I held on to it." " Held on to what?" asked my brother, with thoughts evidently of prisoners and spoils. " The pistol," I replied. " What! have you captured and disarmed a prisoner?" he inquired. This suggestion of what I might have done, and of what my brother had actually done, made my feat of holding on to my own pistol seem, after all, a not very wonderful nor tragic affair ; and my face reddened a little when I stated the unvarnished truth, and encountered the smile of my brother, who said I certainly did well to come out of my first engagement with all my weapons about me. My brother knew that it was not best to follow up the enemy's retreat, as he had no reserve force, and we were not far from Bragg's outposts. The ambu-

lances and forage-wagons came up; the dead and wounded were picked up and put into the ambulances; the forage, such as was to be had, was quickly piled into the wagons, and we started for camp. The enemy soon reorganized, and with a superior force advanced upon us. Skirmishers were thrown out to check the advance of the enemy and cover our retreat. We placed the ambulances and forage-wagons in front, and retired as fast as they could move. A very sad thing occurred during this retreat, which I shall briefly relate. We had fallen back before the enemy the distance of a mile and a half or more. I was riding by the side of a lieutenant about twenty-two years old. I had known him before the war. He was a handsome, brave, and merry young soldier, and a particular friend of our family. I had slept under the same blankets with him, and eaten at the same mess-board. Of all the soldiers, next to my brother, I loved Lieut. Harrington best. As I rode along by his side, he said many witty things about the "Johnnie Rebs," and was altogether in the best of spirits. We had reached the top of a little hill, and

the enemy was on an opposite one, when, turning about in his saddle and facing the foe, he remarked that our ambulances and forage-wagons were now safe, and we might have a little fun with the "Johnnies." These were his last words. Zip! zip! zip! went the enemy's musket-balls, and looking around, I saw our friend reeling in his saddle. I was quickly at his side, and prevented his falling. Two soldiers came to my aid and supported him in his saddle, and we moved forward to an ambulance. He was then lifted from his horse and laid gently down upon a blanket. His young, handsome face was disfigured by the ugly mark of a musket-ball. His large brown eyes had a fixed, glassy look, and I knew that death was near. He tried to speak, but could not; he raised his hand and laid it on his breast-pocket; it rested upon the photograph of a sweet young girl, who lived far away in New England. The ugly missile that pierced the temple of our friend pierced at the same time the tender heart of my sister, and it proved alike fatal in both cases. The one ball had cut down two young and beautiful lives. I stooped down and kissed his

handsome face, and looking up, saw my brother, who was just kneeling on the other side. He took one hand of the gallant young officer and I took the other, and the spirit of our friend and brother passed between us, up from the dark scenes of war and death to the light, and life, and peace of God.



"DEATH OF LIEUTENANT HARRINGTON."

CHAPTER VIII.

Gen. Bragg, who commanded the Confederate army at Murfreesboro, was a particular friend of President Davis, who honored him with a visit, as has been mentioned. During this visit the president reviewed the army, and attended the brilliant wedding of the daring and famous guerilla, Gen. John Morgan, *alias* the friendly farmer. The Confederate camp was gay and confident; but I think that our army, if not so gay, was equally as confident of victory in the impending battle. I felt thoroughly initiated by this time, having witnessed three battles and actually taken part in one, — and that without losing my weapons. I began to assume the air of a veteran, and when new recruits arrived in camp I talked to them in a patronizing kind of way, in imitation of the old soldiers. Soldiers who have seen real service, and have carried themselves creditably through an engagement, look with a great deal of contempt upon new, untried volunteers who have never smelt the enemy's pow-

der. I felt that I had now earned the title of a soldier, and of course was expecting to take part in the coming battle. But what was my chagrin and mortification when I was told by my brother that all the superfluous baggage and camp-followers were to be sent back to Nashville, and I was made to understand that "camp-followers" included me. I looked steadily at my brother for a moment, thinking that he was jesting, and meaning to rebuke him ; but there was something in his face which told me that he meant what he had said. I burst out crying, — rather a boyish performance, I admit, for an old veteran. But I felt hurt. I thought it very cruel in my brother to talk to me in that humiliating way. He saw that he had unintentionally wounded my feelings, and he very tenderly said, "Why, George, you know that I did not mean to wound you ; but I acknowledge that it was very inconsiderate, and seems unkind in me to class you with the 'camp-followers,' for you are by no means a 'camp-follower,' and I beg your pardon for the thoughtless remark. Now, let me explain : A great battle is soon to be fought. My command, as you know, has two other buglers besides yourself ; and

while you are not superfluous, yet we can get along without you, and my anxiety for your safety and my love for our dear mother has caused me to ask you to return to Nashville and remain until after the battle. I am very proud of you, my brother, for I know that you are a brave and manly boy; and I don't command this, but ask it as your elder brother. Think of our mother and her deep sorrow, should anything serious happen to either of her soldier-boys." This kindly speech did not stay my tears, but their flowing was no longer from a feeling of mortification, but from the thought that my brave and good brother had reckoned the probabilities, and in the event of his own death he wished to feel certain that I would be left to comfort our mother. I answered that I was obedient to his wish, but that my anxiety about his safety would cause my return to the front so soon as the issue of the battle was at all certain. To this he consented. On the next morning our army struck tents and moved forward towards Murfreesboro. Gen. Rosecrans had not only the confidence, but the love of his entire army. He had been very successful in West Virginia, and his soldiers felt that they had

an experienced, brave, and capable commander to lead them against the foe ; besides, he was a modest, pious, and kindly man.

The supernumeraries in charge of the superfluous baggage started on their backward march for Nashville so soon as the army had made a forward movement. I was really given a squad to command, which elated me not a little. My army consisted of three or four convalescent soldiers, a half-dozen cooks and hostlers, and two or three negro families. I marched at the head of this variegated column in all the pride and glory of a commanding officer.

On reaching Nashville, I turned over my command to an officer of rather low rank, — a corporal, I believe. Being relieved of my charge, I began looking about for my quarters. I had a note from my brother to an officer stationed at Nashville, and through him I was given very comfortable lodgings. One of the first things I did after securing my quarters was to call at the residence of Mrs. Gaines, as I was anxious to renew my slight acquaintance with that family. I have always sought and much enjoyed the society of ladies, and I attribute to their

pure and sweet influence whatever of the true, the good, and the beautiful there may be in my life and character. I was very cordially received by Mrs. Gaines and her daughters, and spent a most agreeable evening. The young ladies were not at all patronizing, but talked to me as they would to a young man of their own circle. This pleased me exceedingly. And here let me remark, for the benefit of boys from the age of fourteen to eighteen, that if there is anything they do not like about young ladies, it is the habit which so many of the fair ones have of talking to a boy, especially in the parlor, as if he were a mere child. Oh, I beseech you, my dear young ladies, to "reform it altogether."

There was constant communication between the army and Nashville, and on the next morning heavy skirmishing was reported. During the entire day, reports of our army's steady advance and the enemy's retreat came pouring into Nashville. On the following morning a heavy engagement was said to have taken place, in which our army had been entirely victorious, and was pushing the enemy at every point. It was generally believed that this meant a retreat of Bragg further south. I made up

my mind at once to return to the front, as I felt quite sure that the hard fighting was over. A supply train was to leave Nashville that afternoon with provisions and ammunition for the army, and I was granted permission to accompany it. We reached the army after nightfall, and the line of battle could be distinctly marked by the camp-fires. I had little trouble in finding our division; it was on the extreme right of the army. The officers were at supper in a barn when I arrived, and my brother was surprised and annoyed at my presence. I explained to him why I had been induced to leave Nashville. He answered that there was no reason to believe that the battle was half over; in fact, he believed that the morning would bring a very fierce engagement, as the orders just received from Gen. Rosecrans indicated. He did not chide me, but said, "We must make the best of it, now that you are here." He said that there was generally some place of comparative safety, and he hoped that in the morning I would go to the rear and keep with the supply train, which was always well guarded. The officers were all glad to see me. One of them said he knew the "general," as he always called me,

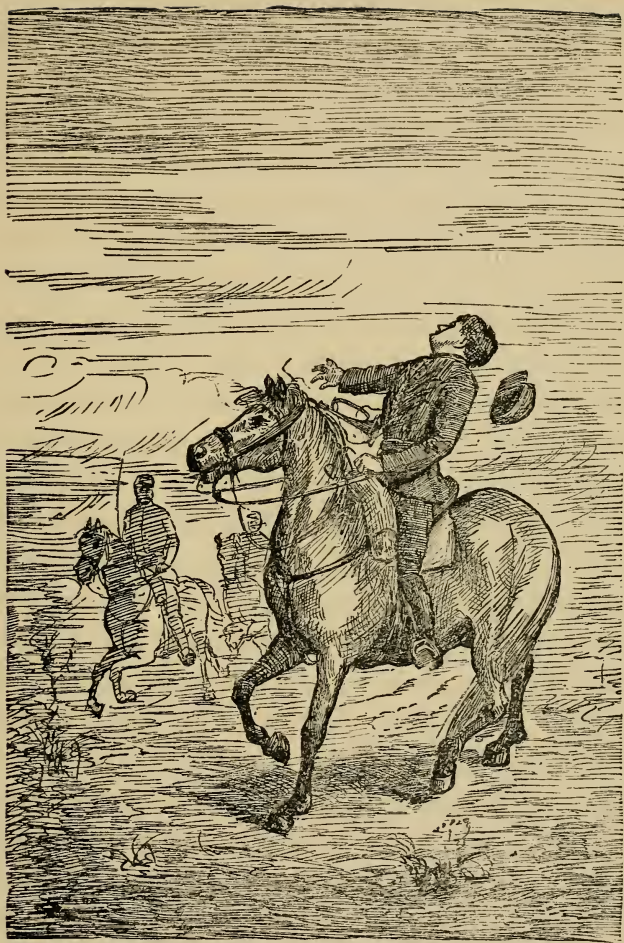
“would not be willing to remain at Nashville with the invalids, the negroes, and the shirks.”

Now the truth is, when I came to analyze my feelings, I found that I was not at all anxious about getting into another battle, and the probabilities of a hot engagement on the next day disturbed somewhat my slumbers. My brother, however, slept very soundly. We were all astir very early the next morning, which was caused by the rapid firing of the pickets, and before we could get fairly into our saddles the enemy was upon us. Here they came, marching in solid column four or five ranks deep. Our division was taken almost completely by surprise, and before the officers could form a line of battle the Confederates had charged us, capturing two brigade commanders and killing another, — Gen. Sill. I saw him shot down in attempting to mount his horse. There was a hurried and confused retreat, which grew rapidly into a stampede. The day seemed irretrievably lost, and I thought of nothing but my own and my brother's safety. In the confusion of the charge of the enemy I had been separated from my brother's command, and from that moment my whole mind was occupied with the

thought of getting to the rear, and the best way of finding the rear was to follow the crowd. I was, however, not long a follower, but soon became one of the very advance leaders, as the speed of my horse — which I made no effort to check — carried me to the very front (of the rear). I remembered my brother's counsel about the supply train being a place of safety, and guided my horse in that direction, and there I came to a halt. I then learned that the retreat had been confined to the right wing of our army, and that the centre and left were maintaining their ground. It became evident also that the right wing had not been completely demoralized, and I began to think that my retreat had been a little in advance of the army, and rather hurried, upon the whole. But my meditations were suddenly broken in upon. The cavalry force of the enemy had gained our rear, and was just emerging from the wood, with the evident intention of attacking the supply train, which was not well guarded. We were to all appearances surrounded, and there was therefore no rear, and no available place of safety. I reined my horse behind a little cedar tree, which afforded but a slight protection, and in this

position I awaited the attack. I was not kept long in suspense ; on came the troopers, yelling and firing. Our guard made little resistance, and I made none, as I was without a carbine ; my pistol was empty, and I did not think to reload it. I saw one trooper, as I thought, making right for me with pistol in hand. I threw up my hands, in token of surrender, but he galloped past without seeming to notice me. The poor, defenceless teamsters attempted to flee, but many of them were shot down and the others surrendered. Some of the cavalry dismounted and set fire to the wagons, and in a short time the provisions intended for hungry soldiers were feeding the flames. I was expecting every moment to be called upon to surrender, but my presence was unrecognized. I suppose that the tree shielded me somewhat from view, or it may be my youth appealed to their feelings ; at all events, I was not captured nor killed. I could see that the enemy were in a great hurry to do their work and be gone, and this was soon explained by the rapid approach of a body of horsemen carrying the stars and stripes. The Confederates stayed long enough to give our soldiers one round, and then away they

rode as swift as their horses could carry them. But in this last fire I had not been entirely overlooked, for a bullet had searched me out and left its mark upon my left arm. I thought for a moment that I was certainly killed, as the blood from the wound was running down upon my clothing and saddle, and the pain was very acute. But it proved to be a flesh-wound. The ball had past over the most sensitive part of my forearm. Had the wound been more severe, the pain for the moment, in all probability, would have been less acute, as sensation would have been somewhat benumbed. But there I was, wounded and bleeding. The regiment that had driven away the enemy was the Fourth United States Regulars, not a man of whom knew anything about me, or my brother's command. They were certainly very ignorant, I thought. An officer made some inquiries about my wound, and sent a private soldier to conduct me to the field-hospital, which was not far away. I had my wound dressed and bandaged and was set at liberty, as my case was not considered at all serious by the surgeon. The battle was still raging, but with what results I could not learn. This much I did hear, however: that



"THE WOUNDING OF THE LITTLE BOOZOM."

the right wing had re-formed, and was slowly recovering the ground lost in the morning. I also saw a wounded sergeant, who told me that our brigade had kept together throughout the confusion of the morning. Night drew near, and the firing abated somewhat. And here I will give a brief account of a cavalry fight which I witnessed. The Confederate cavalry at this battle was superior to ours in numbers and for the most part in discipline, and their successes on the morning in question had inspired them with the belief that our cavalry was no match for them in any sense. Quite a large body had gained our rear, destroyed the supply train, and was endeavoring to turn Rosecrans's flank. The sun was just setting when I saw a body of about four thousand cavalry forming in the wood to our right and preparing for a charge. The Fourth United States Regulars, a Pennsylvania regiment, and, as I afterward learned, our own battalion,—all cavalry,—were in line and ready to receive the enemy. The space over which the Confederates would have to pass was obstructed by a rail fence. This it was necessary to remove before the charge could be made. Men were dismounted and sent forward to

do this dangerous work ; but they were, almost every man of them, picked off before they could accomplish their hard task. Others were sent, and still others, until the fence was sufficiently lowered to permit a horse to go over without much risk of falling. The combatants stood facing each other for a moment, then suddenly, with a loud shout, the Confederates dashed forward. They first discharged their carbines, which the Federals received without reply. The Confederates then drew pistols, but before they got within pistol-range the Federals opened a deadly fire with their carbines. Their carbines were breech-loading repeaters. The first fire caused the enemy to slacken their pace ; the second and third brought them to a halt ; and the fourth, fifth, and sixth (for each carbine contained six charges), fired with such precision and in such rapid succession, was too much for these brave, dashing Southern, and they were forced to turn and gallop back to the wood, leaving their gallant dead and wounded comrades lying upon the field. My position commanded a fine view of this engagement, with little risk to myself. The sun had just set, and its last red rays cast a soft sheen over the

combatants; and when the battle had ended, it had gathered up its lingering rays and dropped below the horizon, as if unwilling to look upon this cruel and bloody work of brother against brother. I rode over a portion of this battle-ground, and picked up a handsome pistol which had been lost by some Confederate officer. I still have this pistol as a relic of that battle. Myself and horse had not taken food that day, and we both, I think, became conscious of this fact. My horse grew restless. I rode about in every direction, seeking something for my horse to eat. I at last thought of the supply train, and hoped that I might be able to get something out of the ruins that would make a feed for my horse. When I reached the wreck, I found that many others had thought of the same thing and were there before me. Still, I succeeded in finding some oats that had been spilt upon the ground, and my horse made a good meal, and seemed satisfied. I also gathered up enough in my feed-bag to give him two additional meals. I felt pleased with the provision made for my horse; but my own appetite, in the meantime, was asserting itself with no little emphasis, but it was destined to wait three long

days before it could be gratified, and at the end of that time I dined on horse-flesh and crackers. The want of rations was caused by the destruction of the supply train, and also by the fact that for two days all communication with Nashville was cut off by a cavalry force which had gained the rear of our army. The description that I have given of this day's battle is drawn from my own observation. It will be remembered that Rosecrans's right wing was badly shattered on Wednesday. He had strengthened his left and weakened his right, with the purpose of crushing Bragg's right; and Bragg had weakened his right and strengthened his left for a similar purpose. But Bragg was the first to move, and thus gained an advantage which resulted almost in the defeat of Rosecrans's entire army. I believe that the coolness and personal bravery of Gen. Rosecrans turned the tide in his favor, and finally gained him a victory, though a very dearly bought one, over Gen. Bragg. I saw Gen. Rosecrans in the thick of the battle, giving personal directions to his subordinates, and since that day I have ever admired him.

There was another officer, — the chief of Gen.

Rosecrans's staff, — whom I saw soon after this battle, whose appearance and general bearing made a very deep impression upon me. He was about thirty years old, above the average in size, had brown hair, and mild blue eyes, and seemed thoroughly self-possessed. This young officer distinguished himself afterward at the battle of Chickamauga, where he had a horse shot under him. He was promoted to the rank of major-general for gallant conduct in that most bloody battle. The name of that officer was James A. Garfield.

On Thursday morning the armies occupied about the same relative positions that they had on Wednesday before the furious attack upon our right. I saw very little fighting that day, and in the afternoon was gladdened by a sight of our own battalion. I soon learned that my brother was still with his command, but many of his brave soldiers were absent; and I saw unmistakable signs that they had all experienced severe fighting. My arm was in a sling, and this attracted the attention of the soldiers, especially of our battalion. They expressed their sympathy in various ways, and after being assured that it was a mere trifle, they all seemed

proud, and rather glad, I thought, that their "little bugler" carried the evidence of having been under fire. They took me upon their shoulders and carried me to where some officers were talking. My brother was a little frightened at first when he saw me with a bandaged arm, and insisted that our surgeon should examine my wound. But I took my arm from the sling and convinced him that no bones were broken, and that it had been carefully dressed by a division surgeon. The truth is, I was not willing to uncover the wound, as it was so slight as to cause a laugh, I feared. So, while convincing them that it was not dangerous, I at the same time was not anxious that the exact nature of the wound should be known, as I felt that the imagination of my brother and other friends would draw a more highly colored picture of my bravery, my wound, and my endurance than the real facts would justify. I stayed at the front during the remainder of this battle, but was not again under fire. On the next day (Friday), in the afternoon, the severest engagement of this battle took place. It was then that Rosecrans massed his cannon, that did such terrible work of death and destruction. Almost the entire

army was brought into action. The enemy behaved with their accustomed bravery, but were finally compelled to retire, and Rosecrans won a great victory,—great from the almost equal strength in numbers and discipline of the two armies engaged, and also from the terrible slaughter on both sides. There was probably not a harder contested battle, nor a more bloody one, considering the numbers engaged, then the battle of Stone River, or, as it is sometimes called, Murfreesboro. On Saturday morning I rode with my brother over the battle-field. Those awful scenes of bloodshed tended naturally to weaken one's belief in the sacredness of human life, and my brother did what he could to counteract their influence upon my mind. He spoke of the great sin of war, the wanton destruction of life and property which it caused, and said that the people who went to war for an unjust cause were as criminal as the man who kills his fellow in a quarrel. My brother seldom permitted a day to pass without giving me some lesson in the gentle virtues of kindness, sympathy, and brotherly good-will. He hoped thus to keep pure and sweet the fountain of my thoughts

and feelings. It is a very dangerous thing, we all know, for one to become accustomed to sights of cruelty or bloodshed. What man, valuing the purity of his soul, would not shrink from such influences? Of course, these influences may not subvert the soul, for the evil seen may never be loved or welcomed; on the contrary, it may make such a deep impression of the awfulness of sin as to cause the heart and mind to turn from it with horror and disgust. But still it is something to have these ugly images in the soul, giving out their expression and diffusing their odor among our thoughts and feelings, so long as we live. But, again, how often do we find that the veteran of many battles carries a heart as tender and sympathetic as a girl, incapable of wanton cruelty. I have raised this question, not to settle it, but simply to suggest that all of the truth cannot be found on either side.

My brother's words had made a deep impression upon my mind, but I received another lesson upon this battle-field which appealed more directly to my feelings. We were returning to camp, when we came upon a carriage drawn by a mule and driven by a colored boy. The carriage contained three

ladies. The boy politely removed his hat, and said that his "missus" wished to speak to the officer. We turned about in our saddles and saluted the ladies, — an elderly lady and her two daughters, as they proved to be. The elder daughter was about eighteen and the younger about fifteen. The first glance was sufficient to show us that they were all in deep sorrow. The mother asked, in a sad, tremulous voice, if we could direct her to that part of the battle-field where the Confederate Gen. Breckenridge's forces had been engaged on the day previous. My brother regretted that his duties at the camp demanded his presence, but said that "my [his] brother here will gladly direct you, and be of any other service to you that is within his power." The ladies thanked us sincerely, and accepted my services. I led the way and directed the boy to follow me. We had gone but a short distance when it was found necessary to leave the carriage and proceed on foot. I left my horse in care of the boy. The mother said that the object of her visit to the battle-field was to search for her only son, a boy of but sixteen years, who had left school to engage in the battle of Friday. She had heard

nothing of him since he left her, and feared that he was among the slain. But the work of burying the dead had already begun, and I had little hopes that the sorrow-stricken mother and sisters would succeed in finding the lost boy ; and it soon became evident that they would be compelled to give up the search. The awful scene of blood was too much for the tender sensibilities of women, especially of a mere girl. The young ladies grew sick and were compelled to turn back, and the sad search was given up. The mother gave me the regiment and company of her boy, together with a personal description, and I promised to do all in my power to gain some tidings of him. I took the name and residence of the lady, who lived in Nashville, but was stopping in Murfreesboro, and promised to report to her the next morning. On arriving at camp I consulted my brother, and put the case into his hands. The first thing he did was to consult the rolls containing the names of the prisoners, and what was our great delight to find the name of this young man. The prisoners had not yet been removed to the rear. We were not long in finding Harry Holloway. He was a tall, handsome, fair-

haired young man, with dark-gray eyes, and a proud, almost haughty bearing. I told him of having seen his mother and sisters, and immediately his haughtiness forsook him, and the crystal tears glistened upon his cheek. He was eager in his questioning about them, and thanked my brother and me very warmly for the kindness we had shown in the matter. I told him that I intended to visit his mother at once, and would gladly take any message he had to send. He was provided with paper and pencil, and wrote a brief note, which he gave to me for delivery. My brother went at once to headquarters, and succeeded in getting this young man dismissed on parole. I, in the meantime, had visited Mrs. Holloway. I first announced that I did not believe her boy was among the killed; I then said that he had been heard from, and that I had seen him, and that he was well, and I then gave her his letter. The mother threw her arms about me and kissed me in the most affectionate way. I cried like a little boy, and was ashamed of myself; the young ladies cried too, and we all had a very tearful time of it. Tears are not always an indication of

sorrow. The next day I had the great happiness of accompanying Harry Holloway to visit his mother and sisters. I called to see them in Nashville on my way North, and have to this day kept up this very delightful acquaintance, which began with a chance meeting on the battle-field of Stone River. I will close this chapter with an extract from Annie Belle's last letter : —

“ I don't like the city nearly so well as the country. There are no houses here that are half so nice as ‘ Chestnut Hill ; ’ and then you can't be so free as in the country. I go calling sometimes with Aunt Josie, but I don't like it much, as everybody is so stiff and formal. I have gone to two parties, but did not enjoy them much. The girls all acted like young ladies, and the boys were not very nice. I don't wish to go to any more, but I suppose I must. We get letters frequently from ‘ Chestnut Hill,’ written by the ‘ sergeant,’ whom we left in charge. Aunt Josie has just received a letter from Uncle Will ; he is with Gen. Bragg's army, as you know. He says that they are expecting a battle every day. It is dreadful to think that you and

your kind, good brother, and Uncle Will will be against each other when the battle comes off. I pray every night for you all. Oh, how I would jump for joy if you should make us another surprise visit ; but I suppose it is impossible now, as we are too far south.”



CHAPTER IX.

After the battle of Stone River, I was induced by two reasons to return to my home: First, my brother felt that I ought to be in school; and, second, my sister's health had become very precarious since the death of Lieut. Harrington, to whom, as the reader has doubtless inferred, she was betrothed. My brother had little trouble in getting me dismissed from the army. My sister became a confirmed invalid, but lingered, broken-hearted, until a few years since, when she passed quietly away. She lived mostly within her own chamber; and when the time of her departure came, there were only traces of joy and gladness left upon her thin, pale face, and none of that sorrow which had crushed her beautiful young life, and which she had patiently borne for twelve long years. I entered school at once, and found that I was not so far behind my former classmates but that I could overtake them within a few months, if I should give myself closely to study. It was pretty hard for me

to acquire studious habits, and I often became discouraged, and felt as if I would like to throw up my books and leave the school-room, never to return to it again. The dull routine of the class exercises was very different from the gay and exciting life of the camp. But the quiet life of a student was much better for me than the wild life of a soldier. I was wise enough to see and appreciate this fact, and determined to begin life from a more serious stand-point than that of a careless soldier-boy. I was ambitious, and applied myself very diligently. I gave up parties and everything else that interfered in the least with my studies, and at the end of four months I stood an examination and was promoted to the class for which I had been striving. I was now in good working trim, and found it quite easy to keep up with my class. Of course I had not neglected my "little girl," but every week sent her a good, long letter, telling her how I was getting on in my new life. Her letters also came regularly once a week. My brother's letters kept me well informed as to all my friends in the army. I had been at home about six months, when a week passed and no letter came from Annie

Belle. Another week went by, and still another, until six weeks had dragged their weary lengths between me and the last word from my little sweetheart. I did not cease to write ; I wrote the oftener, but all was silent ; I awoke no response. I became very anxious ; not about her love for me, for I felt sure of that, come what would. I was anxious about her health, her safety, her happiness. But I reflected that if anything serious had happened, Miss Lee would certainly have informed me. My mother and sister sought to quiet my fears. They said that correspondence with the South was liable to interruption at any time. A letter from my brother, about this time, stated that no communication of any character was now permitted between the two armies. All this was confirmed by several of my letters being returned to me from the dead-letter office at Washington. Six long months passed, and the silence was unbroken ; but I never doubted for a moment the fidelity of Annie Belle, and my own heart never varied for an instant from its little Southern magnet.

Thus far my story has been substantially a true one ; but I am greatly tempted in this closing

chapter to deviate somewhat from the truth, and let the curtain fall upon a picture of unalloyed happiness. It would, I am sure, be more pleasing to the reader; and if I were writing pure fiction, I am certain I would not cast a shadow upon the last pages of my book. I am not writing fiction, however, but narrating actual occurrences, and shall therefore give a faithful account of what has happened thus far to the principal characters introduced in this sketch. My brother's command had reënlisted for three years longer. The officers were granted a leave of absence, and the private soldiers a thirty days' furlough. My brother wrote, stating at what time he might be expected home. His friends kindly proposed to give him a public reception and dinner, as a mark of their high esteem for his gallant conduct as a soldier. It was, of course, very pleasing and gratifying to my mother to see this high respect and honor in which her son was held by his friends and neighbors; and my sister seemed to grow strong, and her eyes to brighten, in the expectation of seeing her brave soldier brother. I was almost wild with excitement. My love for my brother was, I imagine,

something like the love of a son for a father. I had not known my father, and my brother was to me a father, a brother, and a companion; always kind, loving, and tender. I was proud of him. He was handsome, and brave, and clever; and I looked forward to his visit with great joy and gladness. I wanted to see him honored and admired; I wanted to hear him praised; I wished to walk the streets with him, and go to church with him, and make calls with him; for I knew that he would be glad to have me with him almost everywhere. The time for his arrival was but three days distant, and preparations were making for his reception, when a telegraphic message was handed to me, directed to my mother, and I was told to read it before giving it to her. The substance of this message is given in the following extract: —

“Maj. James Monroe, while gallantly leading his battalion in a charge upon the enemy on the 15th instant, was, it is feared, mortally wounded by a ball entering his left side and passing through the region of the liver. He is not in great pain, and is entirely conscious.”

I broke this sad news as gently as possible to our

mother and sister, and to Miss Parsons, who was visiting my mother when the sorrowful message arrived. Miss Parsons and I started for the South on the first train, with the hope of seeing my brother before his spirit should pass away; but we arrived about six hours after the dissolution. My mother never fully recovered from the shock caused by my brother's death, and about two years since she followed my brother and sister to that land beyond the river.

My brother, as I have said, had been granted a leave of absence to visit his home. The day before his intended departure the lines were attacked by Gen. Longstreet's soldiers, and he asked the privilege of leading his battalion against them. It was granted. He drove the enemy back, but received his death-wound. Soon after my brother's death, Atlanta, Georgia, was taken by Gen. Sherman, who was now in chief command of the Army of the Cumberland. I wrote to an officer, giving him the address of Col. Graves, and asked him to call and make inquiries about Annie Belle. He did so, but Col. Graves and family had gone further south, he could not learn where. I entered the army again

in the winter of 1865, and was with Gen. Sherman at Raleigh, North Carolina, when Gen. Johnston surrendered. I was also at the grand review at Washington, which followed the close of the war. I completed my preparation for college, and entered in the autumn of 1868. Up to the close of the war I had heard nothing from Annie Belle. As soon as peace was declared between the North and South, I renewed my efforts to learn something about her. I wrote to Emma Phillips, asking if the family had returned to "Chestnut Hill." She answered that the family were still South,—where, she could not find out. The sergeant had been dead more than a year, and the "Chestnut Hill" mansion was closed up. About three months after this I received another, saying that "'Chestnut Hill' is being cleansed and repaired, and it is reported that Col. Graves's family are soon to occupy it again." I wrote again to Emma, asking her to let me know at once when the family should return. In a few weeks I received the following:

DEAR SIR: Col. Graves's family have returned to "Chestnut Hill," and are to occupy it, I understand, as their future home. Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Lee and daughter,

and Capt. Graves and wife, constitute the family. Col. Graves died during their residence in the South, and the other son was killed in the war.

As ever, your friend,

EMMA PHILLIPS.

P. S. — In your next, please address me as Mrs. Fred. Austin. E. P.

On receipt of this I determined to visit “ Chestnut Hill ” at once. I had become thoroughly disheartened in my efforts to get a letter from Annie Belle, and I now resolved to trust no longer to the United States mails, but to go in person and learn my fate. On arriving at Louisville, I took a steamer down the river to Graves’s Landing, and reached old Camp Buell about three o’clock in the afternoon. What was once Camp Buell was now covered with flax and wheat, and tobacco and grass. It was all fenced in, and there were few traces left of the army. I went first to the residence of Mr. Phillips, which was near the landing. I was very cordially received by all the family, especially Mrs. Austin, who was a very pretty and happy bride. I did not meet Mr. Austin during my stay. Miss Sadie Woods came in, and I was made to understand that she was soon to become Mrs. Phillips.

After supper I was carried over to "Chestnut Hill." It was in the month of June Nature was in her merriest and prettiest mood. The fields laughed with their golden harvests; the birds twittered among the leafy trees; the air was balmy and fragrant with the sweet clover and the honeysuckle. But suddenly this quiet serenity of the evening twilight was broken by a sound which seemed to come from a "spirit maledict in regions dolent." This mournful wail gave positive evidence to me that the donkey was still among the living creatures of earth. It made me sad. I felt that it was prophetic of anything but a happy termination of my visit. As I approached the house I saw a lady and gentleman sitting upon the piazza, and as I drew nearer I recognized Miss Lee and Capt. Graves. They did not know me until I had spoken and presented my card. Miss Lee could not speak for a moment, and her first words were, "She must not see him; it would drive her mad." She then asked me to come quickly with her into the library. She burst out crying, and said, "O! George, forgive the strange reception I have given you; but your appearance at this time

is most tragic.” She then told me that Annie Belle had been married about one month; that she had written letter after letter to me, and received no reply; but still she remained true to me, and a day did not pass without her speaking of me, and wondering if I were dead, or was living and had forgotten her. Years passed. Her hand was sought by a young gentleman of New Orleans. She told him frankly that she could never love him as she had loved another. He pressed his suit, and her mother urged her to accept him. The war had left them quite poor, and this young gentleman was rich. Still she had deferred the wedding-day, time after time, in the hope of hearing from me. They all finally concluded that I was either dead or had forgotten Annie Belle; so the wedding took place, and she and her husband were now visiting “Chestnut Hill.” They had gone out riding after supper, and were expected back every moment. I listened to all this in a half-conscious state, and when she had ceased speaking, I could say nothing but repeat the name of Annie Belle. Mrs. Capt. Graves (Miss Lee) continued, “If she were to see you here, I am sure she would go mad.” I assured

her that my only thought was for Annie Belle's happiness, and that I would do whatever she (Mrs. Graves) would suggest. Still, I desired one last look at my lost Annie Belle, if this could be had without fear of her seeing me, or knowing of my presence. Capt. Graves, who was present, said he thought it could be contrived in some way for me to see Annie Belle without her knowing about it. It was arranged that I was to occupy a chamber opening upon the piazza. Mrs. Capt. Graves would walk with Annie Belle, and sit near my window, where I could have a fair view of her and still she could not see me. I took my station at the window. Soon after, the riding party had returned; I heard them approaching, and recognized the voice of Annie Belle before I saw her face. It was the same sweet voice, but there was a tone of deep sadness which I had not known in days gone by. I will give some of the conversation which I overheard: "Aunt Josie, why are you so sad to-night? There is something really strange about your eyes, that I cannot understand. You are not ill, dearest auntie, are you? You look at me with such an earnest, I had almost said such an eager look.

I dreamed of George last night, — the same sad dream which I had the last night he slept here before his return to the camp. Wouldn't it be awful if I should hear from him, after all? for I cannot believe but that if he is alive he still loves me."

"But, my dear," said her aunt, "you are married now, and have a kind and loving husband, and ought not to think any more of George. We all loved him, you know, and I am sure that he loved you truly; but you must now think only of your husband's love, and let the memories of the past fade away with the dark clouds of war." "But we did love each other so truly," said Annie Belle; "and it is impossible for me to forget or cease to love the brave little soldier-boy who wooed me so gallantly and so tenderly. O, my little soldier-boy! Annie Belle can never forget you, nor cease to love you!" "It was my hope," said her aunt, "that you and the 'little bugler' should grow up and be united in holy marriage; but Providence, or whatever we may call it, has ordered otherwise, and it is for you to submit to the inevitable." At this point they arose and passed out of sight and hearing, and I never saw Annie Belle again. I stayed

overnight at the residence of Mr. Phillips, and started for home on the following morning. My visit was to remain a secret to every one at "Chestnut Hill" save those who had seen me. I returned home sick at heart, and was confined to my bed with a brain fever for some weeks. Annie Belle went with her husband and mother to New Orleans to reside. In 1878 I received a letter from Mrs. Capt. Graves, bearing the sad news of Annie Belle's death. I could not have published this simple story during her life. She would have recognized it at once, although the characters all appear under different names.

I know that any of my Southern friends into whose hands this little book may chance to fall, will not think unkindly of the mention I have made of them. I believe that, so far as I have drawn the picture of Southern society, it has been by no means unfavorable to the Southern people. It is also a true picture. For frankness, for heartiness, and for kindly generosity, the Southern people are not excelled by any other section of our Union. Lying, slander, and low, mean cunning are not the prevailing sins of the South. In fact, the

Southern people are peculiarly free from these vices ; their sins, whatever they may be, are of a different and more open character.

And now the story of the “ Little Bugler ” is ended. It is substantially a true narrative. There are no plots invented, and no fictitious characters introduced. It has given the real experience in war and love, of a boy, who now as a man gives his most hearty assent to the following lines of the poet : —

“ 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.”

THE END.



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